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THE ROSTRUM.
Why Does Baby Grow?
Extracts from Lecture by Mrs. A. M. Glading,
at Memorial Hall, Cincinnati, Sunday,
October 14, 1888 for the Congregation of the
Society of Union Spiritualists.
INVOCATION.
As we draw near to Thee, oh Infinite
Soul in this invocation, may we lift the
heart in sympathy with each of these
Thy earthly children; may they reach
out that every thought in the world
of spirit drawing near to Thee, oh Soul
of Souls, that every vibration of their
earthly being may be attuned with the
highest and holiest conditions. We
would draw near this morning that we
may also draw from the fountain of
life those drops that will refresh the
weary soul. As we speak through this
medium to-day, feeling through her
condition the weakness of the earthly
children, we know that there is suffering,
that there is pain, and we would
thus come here to the strength that will
cause the soul to overcome weakness, to
thus reach into the fountain of life and
draw strength to bear the ills that man
is heir to; that some time will be no
longer felt, and joy and peace will find
its resting place in the weary soul.
Thus we draw near to Thee, oh God,
and may ministering angels indeed
stoop over each and every one, pressing
upon their weary brows, and cause us,
in that holy touch, to feel them near
and to have a higher estimate of their
love. Dear mother's trembling hand is
laid upon her daughter's brow. Baby
fingers are playing with the cheeks of
mortal mothers. Husbands and wives
are near their dearest companions, and
thus we would in harmony and purity
join in the invocation for a holier and
higher strength, that we may bear all
that comes in this earthly pathway,
knowing through growth and develop-
ment we reach the ultimate and reach
unto perfection.

LECTURE.
The mother who clasps her darling
child in her arms, and watches the little
lips as they prattle and learn to make
use of the words that are familiar, and
which learn first of all the sweetest
and dearest title that woman can bear,
that of "mama," knows of joys beyond
description. Dear little baby lips and
baby fingers, how they weave a web in
the life of a woman that can never be
torn asunder. A woman's love for her
child is the holiest and most sacred in
her life, and so the little baby weaves it-
self from day to day in the lives of al-
most everyone, for there are few here
to-day but what know of the tender
sweet sensation when baby's hands
were kissed by mother, and so "why
does baby grow?" Is it because the
mother's heart gives out more love that
causes it to expand and develop, or is
it the food, the material the child re-
ceives, or is it a growth of the soul that
forces the body to expand? We must
know what makes the baby grow. We
must examine into the laws of life, and
as we do this, what a great field of in-
quiry is there before us. No sooner
have we an answer than another pre-
sents itself, and the great law of growth
unfolds so many mysteries that we are
astounded because we cannot contem-
plate them all.

The plants as they grow and develop
from the seed, may do it, but so slowly
and yet how firmly; and the leaves
come out and the stems harden, and the
flowers bud, bloom and bear fruit. It
is a silent operation, yet it is evident
that the little seed cannot remain in the
ground, but must rise and produce that
for which it was designed. Why does
the little plant then grow, and why
does baby grow, and why does this
great earth on which you mortal chil-
dren are trying to do, constantly grow?
From whence is this mighty power of
growth, this development, these new
conditions from which may spring the
evidence of a creative God?

What has made the intellect grow
and expand to such a degree that it as-
tonishes the older folks? Let us won-
der and we will find something more
to wonder at. We can only take up the
little questions one by one and realize
that the greatest forces in nature are
those which are unseen. How can we
tell how the intellect develops. The
brain is in that body; in that head that
is formed as its protection. It lies there,
and were there no observation, no edu-
cation, the child would simply grow
physically, but mentally it would be as
though it had never been exercised.
But thought begins and causes the little
cells to vibrate. The eye does not take
in the object on which it gazes, yet that
eye looking at the object contemplates
an answer which is a measurement
taken of the object. The brain begins
to vibrate with thought, and soon cal-
culation and ideas develop in that little
uncultured organ. Then another
thought will strike the child, and
though not seeing from whence the
sound comes, will hear music in the
distance, and it is upon this or that side
the mental activity of the human being
will cause it to turn in the right di-
rection.

The ears receive the sounds and ex-
pand to designate every vibration and
place it in its proper position, and yet
these forces unseen feed the intellect
with the thoughts that gradually give
it a constant development and growth,
until in maturer years that little baby
may become either a statesman, whose
voice will thrill the hearts of his hear-
ers, and will cause the affairs of the
country to be swayed by his eloquence,
or he may take up some gigantic idea
and through mechanism or machinery
becomes obedient to the touch of never
so slight a power.

In the river's bed the rocks were so
great and so massive that huge vessels
could not pass over, and outside of New
York, where commerce was indeed
needed and the rocks would not per-
mit the mighty vessels to pass, a brain
conceived the idea to honey comb and
remove these huge rocks under the river's
flow. The power that was there
developed showed what the human
brain could carry out; and a little angel
finger touched the key that opened the
way, and now the vessels can use the
stream.

It has been the growth of the nation,
that there should be openings made in
every crevice where there is a possi-
bility of usefulness, and for the advance-
ment of men there must be efforts
made for this result. It must be first
a baby, a little thing, then it must grow
before reaching that fruition that
finally ends in success. So taking up the
thought of "why does baby grow," and
not being able to see how development
is going on, we know from the effect
which we see, that man was standing
where first a child was stationed, and
so in every great science, in every great
development of the mind in its infancy,
it simply reaches out, and unseen forces
cause it to develop and expand.

That which began with a rap by
children, giving to the world a truth,
has to-day become a scientific religion
that is known around the globe. There
are now seventy-four newspapers pub-
lished in the cause of Spiritualism, and
this in many languages, and even in a
country where you would think the

very thought was not permitted; yet
secretly in Russia you will find that
there is a paper printed, and there are
advocates of Spiritualism even in down-
trodden Ireland.

There may not be a great advance of
thought, yet its baby feet have trod-
den on the emerald isle, and in some
of the higher classes you will find that
there is a medium, that there is a circle,
and that the first voice of spirit of the
coming progress is even welcome there.

England has many mediums and even
the lady at its head is one who encour-
ages its advance. It is no longer a baby
at her side, but a strong power upon
which she leans; and thus in every
land you will find that there are either
advance movements made in the cause
of Liberalism or in the advance of
Spiritualism, and that in time that
little child, which will be nourished by
them, at first with fear and trembling,
becomes strong enough to sustain them
in conditions.

These beautiful things that are taught
tell how man may overcome sickness;
they teach there is an unseen power;
that the magnetic healer's hand can
bring health to the diseased and weary
body. It shows you by its demon-
stration, and is willing to be investigated;
it invites criticism, and that is more
than other religion does. Spiritualism
teaches that by these unseen forces and
influences (which operate on man) that
there is a thought world in which the
infinite soul lives and vibrates.

The little baby's soul cannot be intel-
lectual, but it must go on and grow until
it expands sufficiently to burst the
earthly conditions and enter into this
spiritual home. In the spiritual sphere
gentle hands immediately care for the
one and take them into temples of
wisdom. There they see the grander
part of the earth plane in the spirit
world, and so the first conception or the
first ideality of what the material world
should have been. Therefore the spirit
world is the real world; it is the true
world, and, consequently, man has
been held in darkness; he has wor-
shipped a false God; or, if in ignorance,
has destroyed the laws which might
have lifted him up. Humanity is yet
in its wickedness, its willfulness, its
sinfulness, and not yet ready to receive
the angelic fingers, and what are we
doing then as spirits controlling me-
diums? As mediums it is their duty to
work to lift humanity above that which
has held them down, and in these beau-
tiful laws are demonstrations of the
unseen powers that even bring about
the independent slate-writing, materi-
alization, or, as I would rather have it,
the etherialization of matter. All these
are tokens of what is yet to come, and
it is evidence of something more and
better.

This is what Spiritualism is now de-
veloping. Man no longer is a slave held
in bondage and superstition or beliefs,
but in that which will develop in him
a higher manhood.

Is it not better then to lay books upon
the table for your children to read that
will advance their intellects rather
than to control their faith. You may
love your Bible, your mother may have
read it and become attached to its say-
ings, but is it not better now with your
knowledge that advanced books should
be placed in the hands of your chil-
dren? Would it not be well to have the
Age of Reason side by side with the
Bible, compare them together and let
the intellect tell which is true? Would
it not be well to place upon your table,
works by Spencer, Huxley, etc., that
your children might read them? Let
them advance, and when to day the
beautiful light of Spiritualism dawns
upon a receptive people it is that which
will make the man conscious of his
own account. He will try to broaden
his integrity in every way and be more
conscious as he casts his vote in the
ballot box, than if he had done so by a
blind faith.

The future is but a child in your
hands, and as you do your duty, so will

the child of eternal wisdom shine upon
you and uncover everything, and in
digging into the earth, you will bring
up its gold. In diving into the seas of
doubt you may gather up pearls, and no
matter what you do if you do it with a
will and with an honest purpose you
will find some good, whether it be in
the church or upon the open field of
liberalism.

BENEDICTION.
Now through the Infinite Spirit of the
loving God do we offer ourselves. May
we become the writing on which the
record of a good deed is done. May we
as we go out from this place be stars of
light and good and may the angels be
with us, comfort us, and bless us when
we are weak and faltering. Amen.

At the evening services, which was
attended by nearly four hundred peo-
ple, the subject was "Why do Spiritu-
alists Refuse a Creed?" and chosen by
the guides of the medium.

Most Spiritualists, she hinted, can un-
doubtedly answer that question to their
own satisfaction, but whether they could
make this comprehensive to the world
at large, is another question. To form
a basis for her reasonings, she began
with a comparison between the bible
and science, saying, that though she
would not rob those of the good book,
who cherished it as a memoir of the
past, yet would not advise those who
desire more light, to hug it too closely
or believe there is nothing higher or
later outside of it.

Being limited in your belief is creed-
ism, and when you dare not think for
yourself, or continue to create new ideas
which shall replace the old, and in con-
sequence non-progressive.

In like manner science could be creed-
bound, if the scientists of to-day were
to organize for the purpose of gathering
together all that is known of astron-
omy, geology and chemistry, print it in
one book, and then close it and say,
that that is all there is of truth to be
had, such is the law, and investigate
no further from this time on.

To adopt a creed therefore, the Spiritu-
alists would have to decide what truth
is, and discontinue all further search af-
ter more, thus falling into apathy in-
stead of being the pioneers of light, of
new discoveries, etc. If Spiritualists
wish to remain the foremost of the
world's progressive people, they cannot
afford to chain themselves down by a
creed, and the only way, therefore, to
continue to progress, is to leave the way
open for the light to enter, and keep
an open book with blank leaves ever
ready to record new events and advan-
ced ideas for the hungering multitudes
who are constantly looming up and
crying for more light—the old or past
no more gratifying their innate crav-
ings for knowledge.

After the lecture Mrs. Glading became
controlled for tests through the agency
of her psychometric and clairvoyant
powers—giving many gratifying evi-
dences of character reading and spirit
presence.

Those who have not heard her, should
undoubtedly go. She is a medium who
pleases the intellect.

A Story of the War.

At a certain battle a Federal chaplain
happened to get in the vicinity of a
battery of artillery which was hotly
engaged. The Confederate shells were
ploughing furrows about the guns, and
the cannoneers were grimly and actively
at work to answer shot for shot. The
chaplain addressed himself to the ser-
geant, who was very efficient, but at
the same time very profane, in the fol-
lowing words:

"My friend, if you go on this way can
you expect the support of the Divine
Providence?"
"Ain't expectin' it!" said the sergeant;
"the Ninth New Jersey has been ordered
to support this battery!"—The Southern
B v o u a c.

Foreman (to country editor)—"Do you
want Rev. Mr. Godman's sermon, 'Feed
my Lambs,' to go on the editorial page?"
Editor (absent-mindedly)—"No. Run
it in the agricultural department."

From Our Reporter's Note Book.
Mrs. Glading at G. A. R. Hall.

The entertainment given by Mrs. A.
M. Glading, trance and inspirational
speaker, at the meeting place of the
Society of Union Spiritualists, in this
city, on Wednesday evening last,
was an exceedingly pleasant one in
every respect. Outside of the many
tests given through her medial powers,
her whiffs of inspiration accompanying
them were replete with wholesome
truths of a practical nature; and though
intended for individuals on these occa-
sions, contained thoughts which could
be applied universally.

The seance was opened by singing
"Sweet Summer Land," which pro-
duced a genial harmony in the audi-
ence and lulled the medium into the
necessary trance condition to begin her
work.

At the close of the hymn, Mrs. Glad-
ing arose and delivered an inspiring
invocation, whereupon she was con-
trolled by spirit Hoolah, who gave vent
to a brief address to the audience, in
which she particularly dwelt on condi-
tions necessary for good manifestations,
and that these conditions must be fur-
nished by the sitters and not the medi-
um, for the medium had to rely on her
mortal surroundings, which were al-
ways good when honest intentions and
kind feelings prevailed in her vicinity.
Whether this preliminary had the de-
sired effect, or whether the audience
was naturally disposed to be earnest in
its desires, must be inferred. At all
events, a series of wonderful psycho-
metric and clairvoyant readings follow-
ed, the medium passing to and fro
among the sitters, and either by simple
touch or by taking a handkerchief or
glove, gave tests in the form of char-
acter reading, clairvoyant description
of spirit friends, and past occurrences,
which were nearly all verified as correct;
and even where the rapport could not
be perfectly made, a portion was always
acknowledged as being in harmony
with the truth. In all, twenty-nine
tests were given, and as far as THE
BETTER WAY reporter could judge, satis-
factory to the recipients.

During a short intermission, in which
the medium was given time to recuper-
ate, Mrs. Graham regaled the auditors
with a humorous poem, which elicited
hearty applause.

Part second was a continuation of
psychometric readings, which closed
with a benediction. While passing out
many warm approvals were expressed
by the auditors in regard to the enter-
tainment and genial disposition of the
medium.

A New Hall.
Philadelphia, October 14, 1888.
To the Editor of The Better Way.

The Fourth Association of Spiritualists,
of Philadelphia, Pa., are now endeavoring
to build a hall on the camp meeting
grounds of the First Association of Spiritu-
alists, at Parkland, Pa. The corner stone
was laid on the Fourth of July last. It is
the desire of this Association to have the
hall built and ready for dedication by the
next camp meeting. In order to further
this enterprise (for we deem the hall a
necessity for Spiritualists in general who
attend the camp), the Association, at their
last monthly meeting, held October 2, in-
structed their secretary to ask of the spiri-
tual associations throughout the land for
aid for this special purpose. We would
suggest that special collections be taken
up by the many spiritual associations; also
benefit seances held for this fund. Indi-
vidual contributions will be thankfully re-
ceived. Kind friends, need we say more.
Will not this appeal be enough to insure
your hearty co-operation with us, and
with your aid financially, believe me, the
hall is an assured fact. All contributions
to be sent to our medium, Dr. C. S. Bates,
1230 North Front street, Philadelphia, Pa.,
or the Secretary. Hoping for good re-
turns,
Fraternally Yours,
HARRY T. GREENWOOD,
Secretary Fourth Association of Spiritu-
alists, 810 Lattimer street, Philadel-
phia, Pa.

Washington Letter.
Tudor Castle, October 11, 1888.
To the Editor of The Better Way.

We had the pleasure of being present at
the evening services at Grand Army Hall
last Sunday evening. It was rainy and
dark, which probably accounted for a small
audience; but, of course, all the more credit
was due those who were there, and Mr.
Brooks's address no doubt was heard by
enough to put his suggestions into practice,
and thus lay the corner-stone.

Mr. Brooks is tall, graceful and hand-
some, with a melodious voice and pleasing
delivery. He told us, in the course of his
remarks, that he had a birthday last Tues-
day, and was thirty-five years old. His
remarks were directed towards the devel-
oping of greater interest in gathering the
Spiritualists together. There was not
enough effort made to let the public know
there was a society of Spiritualists, and
that they held public meetings on Sundays.
He would suggest tacking up bulletin
boards in conspicuous places, announcing
when and where meetings were held. He
said Washington is the greatest city for
visitors in America, and when people are
away from home is the time they like to
investigate Spiritualism.

He thought there was great lack of
sympathy and sociability among Spiritu-
alists. They should have friendly meet-
ings at private houses, in various parts
of the city, one evening in each week, and
invite all their neighbors. Then they could
get acquainted, and exchange experiences
and ideas, and growth would be the result.

Mr. Brooks's chief aim and desire is to
build up a spiritualistic society which shall
be strong enough to sustain itself inde-
pendently, and open its doors to strangers
and poor people freely, and without the
ten cent piece which necessity now re-
quires, that they may give that knowledge
for which all humanity is thirsting, whether
they are conscious of it or not.

Mr. Brooks will be here two months,
and we do not see any reason why his
efforts should not be crowned with success.
He says he is dependent upon sympathy
and companionship himself, and thinks all
other people must have the same craving.

We like his plan of promoting sociabi-
lity. It seems like putting into practice
Paul's injunction, "Forsake not the assem-
bling of yourselves together."

We had thought of asking our friend,
the editor of THE BETTER WAY, to give
the readers a description of C. M. Keith
but second thought reminded us that he
has too much work of more importance
on hand, so with his permission we will
do it.

C. M. Keith has been described by a
clairvoyant, at a distance, as a young man
of medium height, medium weight, with
light brown hair, slight moustache and
kind gray eyes. This medium had never
seen us, and mistook one of our spirit
friends for C. M. Keith.

We are five feet two inches high, weigh
one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and
thirty-six years old. Fair complexion,
regular features, blue eyes, light brown
hair, which is worn short and curled. This
description might seem egotistical did not
your readers know us by so many titles:

Lois Washbroke, in her letter to "C. M.
Keith—Sir, Madam or Miss," is the only
person to whom we are unknown, who has
not given us the credit of being a
"Dear Brother." When our first article
was printed over "C. M. Keith," and was
answered in "an open letter to Mr. Keith,"
we thought best, for the public, not to con-
tradict the mistake. We even carefully
avoided the use of any pronoun which
might interfere with the right and disposi-
tion of any man to fight or argue with
our thoughts. Nay, further, we prevented
a kind friend from defending us "as a
lady." But a correspondent has recently
become so confused by reason of our pub-
lic or "paper" title of Mr., and our personal
one of M-s, that we write this explanation
for the benefit of the readers in general.

For the benefit of readers in Washing-
ton, who think C. M. Keith, the writer,
and Cleveland Keith, her brother, are the
same, we would say, that he is the only
member of the household who has not
at some time written for THE BETTER
WAY.

Invitations are out for King Henry's first
parlor lecture of the season. His subject
for instruction is, "In the Beginning."
CATHERINE MAGRUDER KEITH.
Frequently known as "Mr." "Brother"
and C. M. Keith.

Written for The Better Way.

A Journey Through Space—An Astronomical Fancy.

A. F. MELCHERS.

(Continued.)

All this gave me so much food for reflection, that I thought I had better withdraw my mental vision from space, and resume my investigations in those regions on another occasion. The next moment, I was viewing the expanse of the heavens with my physical sight, and wondered if this was, all imagination or had I dreamed.

On the following evening I took my accustomed seat near the window, where I could peer through the panes and obtain a glimpse of the starry vault overhead. I wondered if it were possible to find the ellipse in which the asteroids moved, by simply desiring and willing it, and without the necessity of keeping my eyes fixed skyward. I had found the sun without it being visible. Why not this? I would try at all events and await results. I then closed the window, turned down the light to a moonlight glimmer, placed myself in an easy chair, folded my hands in my lap, and began to concentrate my thoughts on the subject.

In a few moments it appeared as if I could see through the roof which was over me, and I could see the starry world with the greatest ease. So far, so good. Now for a dart upward. The mere will power sent my mind millions of miles into space; which immediately appeared familiar to me by its dark and transparent hue. But where were the asteroids and how would I know them? The desire brought my mind within range of a little globe about one hundred miles in diameter, and which a glance told me was a planet or satellite. Taking a glance of the immediate surroundings, and seeing no larger body near which might hold this little fellow, I concluded that it was one of the asteroids. And, always having been desirous of knowing something of the physical nature of these little wanderers, I concentrated my vision to its surface.

Why, what a pleasing sight met my gaze! It was a perfect garden. Colors of every variety met my sight. Flowers, shrubbery, forests—all intermingled. Lakes, rivulets, creeks, added beauty to the scenery. Hills and dales in graceful modulation, relieved the monotony. Everything was diminutive and of exquisite perfection. I saw but little animal life, and this was in proportion to the flora. Nothing was visible to indicate human life—a pity for the waste. What a happy home a lot of emigrants could find here, if there were but some method of conveyance. But I suppose it was once inhabited or will be in the future.

Now, wondering if the rest of these little planets were in like condition, I continued my search. Passing along the ecliptic, my vision soon encountered another, but hardly one-half the size of the former. In order to ascertain its qualifications I descended to the surface. I encountered a similar scene as on the first, with the exception that the flora was of still more delicate proportions. But as nothing new is to be gained here, I passed on, and in a few seconds sighted another. This one was hardly half the size of the first. Approaching to the surface, a dreary sight presented itself. The whole planet seemed to be one mass of rock, with here and there some club moss, ferns and shrubbery growing out of crevasses. Seeing nothing else worth mentioning, I passed on; and not to consume too much space, I will mention in brief my experience:

I simply followed the ecliptic, and every now and then would encounter an asteroid. Some were like the first one; many were like the third one, and many were but one mass of rock, without even the slightest indication of atmosphere. But on the whole they appeared to be allied, as far as their general composition was concerned, and no doubt originated from one parent. Whether by inherent explosion or by collision the parent planet was destroyed, I must leave for future investigations to discover; at all events, I found no intelligent beings on any one of them, to relate even a tradition of the tragedy. And what has befallen one planet of the solar system, may befall another, whether it be Earth or not.

My next desire was to visit Jupiter. Oh, glorious and brilliant old Jupiter, whom I have so often admired from afar, and whose annual return to the skies I have so often awaited, rising later every year, and who will eventually hide his face from us for a long spell of a dozen years before we are again honored with his presence in our evening skies! Yes, to his boundaries would I now fly, in order to explore his mysterious surroundings, and bring glad tidings to those whose physical eye cannot reach his shore. Jupiter, however, we now shall go!

In a few seconds I was on the spot. I must have struck the equatorial belt of its atmosphere, for I found myself in a haze, such as a London fog presents on a November morning. I passed through several hundred miles of this before I regained a clear atmosphere, and then found myself looking down upon a vast

and unbounded ocean. Water, and nothing but water, wherever I gazed, making me wonder if Jupiter had any land at all. I began to sail northward; and, if my calculations are correct, I passed over ten thousand miles of sea before I saw land. Now, wondering if it extended southward as much, I retraced my voyage and must have passed over a stretch of twenty thousand miles of water before I reached land again. I began to be interested in Jupiter's water power; and, instead of going inland, I began to sail along the coast in a westerly direction. For the first three or four thousand miles it was an almost unbroken straight course. Then I encountered a mountainous region, where the coast began to go seaward, giving me a view of a promontory and capes—one point extending out as far as a thousand miles, and where the sea was very rough, although nothing in comparison to that on the coast of Scotland. Finally I reached twilight and shortly after the night side of Jupiter. But instead of darkness the scene was enhanced by double moonlight—one was full and the other in one of its quarters, throwing a silvery light from opposite directions on the sea coast. Although not surprised at this, yet it had a novel effect upon me, being the first time I had seen moonshine. The old familiar constellation of stars greeted me in the skies, which were clear southward, but were hazed toward and over the equator—enough to have the appearance of a great belt extending over the planet like a huge bridge.

Continuing my journey westward, I finally encountered another moon, peeping, as it were, through the bridge, but rather obscured as if covered by a misty veil. But I found no connection between the two hemispheres—an unbroken sea extended completely around the planet, and, as far as I could judge, after a thorough investigation of both sides, no two points from either shore came within at least fifteen thousand miles of each other.

And, strange to say, I found no great cities on either sea coast. What was there appeared to be villages and summer resorts. I also obtained a glimpse of a few yachts and small vessels along the coast, but nothing to indicate any extensive shipping business. It being such a vast planet I had to travel long distances before seeing anything that indicated human agency. Finally, I sailed for the interior, but with the same results. A picture of the earth's surface will suffice to explain the physical nature of the land; and the inhabitants of Venus may be contrasted with those of Jupiter. Their advancement is about the same, owing, no doubt, to the great size of the planet, the same having required so much more time for development. I saw nothing to indicate inter-oceanic communication. I will leave it to the other voyagers on this planet and direct my attention to Saturn.

I had no trouble in finding the ringed planet, knowing where he was to be found. No sooner was my mind fixed on Saturn than I beheld a grand sight. Beneath me lay a perfect paradise of a country. As far as the eye could reach, to use the expression, I saw an extensive valley, enclosed in a semi-circular range of mountains. Through the centre of the valley coursed, in graceful curves, a clear sparkling river, broadening as it left the mountainous region, and was lost to view in a thick forest in an opposite direction. The whole valley teemed with pretty villages. Where there were no inhabitants, it was under cultivation of some kind. Every portion was divided off by picket fences or stone walls a few feet in height; and all the villages connected by straight, broad roads, running out from every village like the spokes of a wheel, the whole appearing like one grand piece of croquet work. Along the roads, to and fro, I saw many human beings moving along—many walking, many in vehicles, propelled by an invisible force—similar to that on Mars—but no flying machines. The inhabitants were well proportioned, but somewhat bulkier and larger than those of earth; and, upon closer scrutiny, I noticed that they were very fair.

At an angle of forty-five degrees above a huge bridge spanned the planet, appearing like a slice from a melon, broad in the centre and slanting down at the ends—the points being invisible in the distance—the whole looking like an immense crescent in daylight. When I had satiated my sight with all this I began to move along the surface with a view of encircling the planet on this parallel. On my route I passed over a very fine country, including towns and cities, although many far apart from each other, but all were connected by roads, the main ones apparently macadamized, over which large and small vehicles were running, driven by some invisible power. Finally, I saw water, which proved to be an ocean about two thousand miles wide. On this shore I happened to pass over a large city; probably the size of London, and, stopping to take a closer view, I espied, on the water's edge, a splendid row of deckage, in which lay thousands of what I first thought were canal boats, with decks housed, and around which were fancy balconies; but I soon discovered that they were ocean transports, propelled by the same unseen power, and traveling at the rate of a mile a minute, and, when at the greatest speed, seem to rise out of the water and glide over the surface as if on ice, causing hardly any spray whatever. Whether this was due to the element itself or the motive power and peculiar construction of the craft, I could not tell. The ocean, however, as broad as it was, had not a ripple on its surface from shore to shore and appeared as smooth as a mirror.

I soon reached the night side of Saturn and oh, what a gorgeous sight greeted my vision. The most prominent object in the skies was the huge crescent, now as brilliant as innumerable of our full moons; and, with the addition of several satellites, made the night almost as bright as day. I saw no artificial lights of any kind; which were unnecessary

at that moment, at all events. I have no doubt a cloudy sky would change the aspect; but on my entire route I saw nothing that indicated a semblance of clouds. In one region I noticed a murkiness, resembling a heavy fog, but not sufficiently dense to exclude the light of the heavens. After passing over another ocean (about five thousand miles across and, to my surprise, as calm on its surface as the former), I came to the conclusion that Saturn was freed from rain storms as the earth possessed them, and that irrigation was produced by heavy dew falls—certainly a happy condition to have reached. Having seen all I cared to see on the ringed planet, I next directed my attention to Uranus.

As usual, I reached my destination by concentration of my will power on the object I sought for, and the sunny side of the planet. I found myself within a clear, mild pleasant atmosphere, such as a November morning presents in the southern states with the thermometer at 60 degrees.

Nearing the surface I happened to find myself over an immense city, or, rather, a series of cities connected by a net work of avenues. There were about a dozen altogether. Each one distinct and separate from the other, with about half a mile of flower gardens or tree groves between each, and avenues about sixty feet wide, in the centre of which were rows of shade trees, connecting the cities together as one corporation. On both sides of the shade trees were pavements, where people were walking to and fro. Between the trees stood benches. Along the sides of the roads were either flower gardens or groves; and in the center of the roads were car tracks, on which were vehicles (similar to our excursion cars) running—one line going down the right and the other coming up the left side of the road. The cars were propelled by a hidden motive power, but not moving very fast, hardly five miles per hour. Nor did any one of the people I saw along the roads seem to be in any hurry; all were moving slowly, but with an easy, graceful tread. What was remarkable about them was that they were all very fair and delicately built.

The clothing they wore, in general, was of the finest fabric I ever beheld. The buildings of the cities were not over two stories high, and on the roof of every one was a balcony; but on none did I notice a chimney, nor did I see smoke issue from any portion of this settlement. Whether these people had broken themselves from the habit of eating, or did their cooking by a process unknown to us, I could not conjecture.

(To be concluded.)

Written for The Better Way.

Life.

If we were asked to analyze life—if but speculatively—we would begin with three prime entities or conditions as a basis; viz.: time, distance (or space), and motion. Time and space need no argument to prove their existence; and where space exists, there is motion—polarity being a natural condition of that which has length, breadth and thickness. Thus motion exists as naturally as time and space, for polarization constitutes motion.

As time is the only condition which is analogous to intelligence, in so far, that it cannot be impeded in its absolute tendency toward progression, and that it takes up no space whatever, though known to exist as a positive fact, we may infer that time constitutes intelligence itself.

Space being dimensional like matter and containing the elements which constitute matter when centralized, may be regarded as the material or negative entity, through which time or intelligence, the positive entity, operates or acts.

Motion is combination of the two made manifest, and thus may be regarded as the animating principle of existence—the three in union constituting what may be known as life.

Man embraces all three in miniature, and is thus a microcosm of the whole—intelligence lending him the power to think, desire, love, sense or feel, taste, hear, etc., and be conscious of existence generally. His material body is the agency through which this intelligence operates, but substituted by the spirit body in the hereafter—both dimensional entities like space or matter, and therefore an essence or epitome of the same. Motion or force constitutes his will, the power which enables him to act, move, labor, and accomplish that which is created in thought, or which he desires, etc., and thus may be regarded as life individualized.

The latter is the aim of existence, and as there is no superior condition of life individualized, than man, we may regard him as the crown or perfection of creation.

All this agrees with the intuitive conception man has of a Deity or first cause. Omniscient in all knowing, and existing in man as the power of acquiring knowledge eternally. Omnipresent in being an epitome of the whole, and thus in harmony or rapport with the same. Omnipotent because this rapport with the universe enables him to go where he feels inclined, by the mere wish or will.

The latter is effectuated through the agency or action of his mind so called, which is neither affected by time nor distance, nor is conscious of motion in the exercise of its powers—being able to penetrate to the remotest star by a mere glance or desire in that direction. Thus the mind so-called may be regarded as the true individuality, or the harmonious vibration of the three entities into one—life epitomized with all the principles or powers intact that are contained in universal life or causation.

Such constitutes, to our conception, a metaphysical idea of the problem called life.

A. F. M.

Written for The Better Way.

Sin and its Consequences.

So long as a man believes that he can escape the results of a life of sin by exercising faith in Jesus at the eleventh hour there, is small motive for being good, so long as the pleasure of the world exceeds the cold formalities of the church. Teach a man that his future condition depends upon the improvement he makes of his spiritual facilities here, and that his spirit friends do know of his misdeeds, if he do any, and there is motive for doing good continually. If people were taught that every good deed they performed would carry them one step nearer the celestial city, near the deer friend gone before, one step nearer a heritage of immortal happiness, they would be better men and better women. The deeds committed on earth leave their reflex upon the spirit, and by their effects produce happiness or pain. We may so live as to escape suffering, for we have the opportunity for retrieving the mistakes and making amends for the wrongs of this life, and thus, through suitable atonement and purification, of securing an entrance into summer land.

How blind and dumb is humanity, struggling along, hoping to escape something they cannot escape—the consciousness of their own sins! There is no possible escape from the legitimate consequences of evil actions. Evil is not an indestructible and positive principle, but a negative condition, a mere temporary circumstance of our existence; and suffering for sin is not a revengeful and malevolent infliction of God, but a necessary and inevitable sequence of violated law. According to the divine moral economy there is no such thing as pardon for sins committed—no immediate mercy—no possible escape from the natural results of crime, no matter where nor by whom committed—no healing of a diseased, moral constitution by any outward appliances or criminal absurdities. Pardon can only exist as a consequence of reform and in proportion thereto.

The only way whereby to escape sin and its consequences is by progressing above and beyond it—by ceasing to do evil and learning to do well. Punishments are but the natural consequences of violated law, being invariably commensurate with offenses, and have reference as well as to reformation of the offender as to the prevention of further crime. Just as sure as effect follows cause, just so sure will men suffer an adequate punishment for an evil course of life; yet they may turn away from that which is wrong, do that which is right, and thereby qualify themselves for a higher condition in spirit life.

Man's life and motives in this world actually determine his position in the next, and exercise an influence upon him there, and we go there with our imperfections which are removed more or less slowly. A more sublime and grander existence remains for mortals. Life is deathless; there is no power to rob us of it. We have been created to be happy sooner or later. However humble or ignorant a soul may be, he is under the dominion of law that must eventually sweep him into the path that rises into eternal progress. There is no finite condition of sin or ignorance that cannot be overcome by an infinity of effort.

If we would profit by Spiritualism we must conscientiously follow the purest teachings that come from the higher life. To believe in Spiritualism is one thing, to live spiritually is quite another. It is much easier to do a wrong act while the spirit is an occupant of the mortal body than after it enters the spirit world, and it is better for us, for over there we shall have to "pay out the uttermost farthing." Our future state is a continuation of the present, and will be effected by works, by the thoughts, the affections that dominate us here. The good done will have its fruition some time, and every evil deed will have its punishment some time.

Death is a victory if we so live that we have no regrets at the close of earthly life. The reward is sure in that land where injustice has no foothold, where each individual receives full compensation for that which his life on earth entitles him to. Every living soul will receive exact justice for all the deeds done here in the body. If evil, unhappiness will be our punishment; if good, the result will be happiness. So live that you may have a heaven on earth; be mutually, physically, religiously strong; do nothing that shall hinder your development of noble manhood or womanhood; for it hurts the soul more than the body to do wrong. Work well, do well, and your regrets in spirit life will be less.

Spiritualism invites humanity to "come up higher." It threatens with no eternal punishment; offers no heaven of perfect bliss, no forgiveness for sins, save that which comes of the fruition of a persistent purpose to do well. It tells the evil doer the consequences of his evil deeds, though he was to do evil, will leave their scars upon his soul. As we leave this life so we shall enter the next, carrying with us what we are in character. There no counterfeit can pass current—we shall go for exactly what we are worth. He who lives a narrow and mean life here, will find himself a narrow and mean spirit there.

Hope is one of the greatest blessings the infinite has given to humanity; without it the soul is in despair. Spirit-

ualism comes with a balm for aching hearts, and tells the world of a life beyond, and the best way to prepare for it. To good spirits the higher life is one of beauty, happiness and power, filled with pleasant homes, contented people and active employments. If we live spiritually, paying earnest heed to the purest teachings from that life, we will attract to us the good and beautiful spirits who, in their ministrations, impart to us a blessing of peace, love and cheer.

Every good thought that you have, every clean idea that you have, all the outreach toward good actions, tend to make the earth better, sweeter and nobler, until the crystal water flowing in eternal joy is received. Life is a glorious thing—a wonderful thing; and the world waits for us to enjoy it. To understand heaven you must have the capacity to receive it, and development produces capacity. We believe in progress, the advancement of the soul. There is no pull we shall not rise from. Some roads lead to darkness and anguish of mind, but they all come through with the soul cleansed and purified to the light and peace at last. Sorrow and disappointments may come to you, but they are only for a time. There is nothing in the world that should discourage you. Everything should lead you upward into light and hope, and we delight to know that there is no such thing as a soul lost forever in the darkness of sin and eternal anguish. There can be, under no circumstances, a greater error than the error of the one who despairs. Take hope out of life, take the prophetic element of youth away, and life's battle would never be fought, nor its victories won. No one can work on and on unceasingly and untiringly, looking for no reward; no one can be a great soldier always in front of the battle, unless he believes victory will attend his endeavors.

You are now in eternity as much as you will be in the days that are to come. Your heaven lies within your own spirit; the voice of God and censure or approval comes from within your own spirit; for he speaks in that way to human consciousness; and the grandest power to cast out disease or bring to you happiness is to exercise in your own spirit the power to overcome the evils of life, the power to rise up until the little offenses of the wrong doers seem as nothing to you.

While purple and fine linen deceive earthly eyes the spirit can see you as you are. No good thing done in earth life is lost, and many failures here are completed by the loved ones over there, and held in readiness for the discouraged soul to enter into. Be not discouraged because of the many disappointments you meet here, for all earth's trials have a lesson as well as the successes of life.

The effects of folly or vice follow us to the other life with their terrible retributive vengeance. Our error, whether of acts or deeds committed, duties omitted, or false theories, either taught or believed by us when in the mortal form, follow us to the spirit world and cling to us with a perfectly amazing tenacity, and this constitutes our hell in that realm. It is only as we outgrow and disown error that we are permitted to perceive the truth by degrees and enjoy interior growth.

It is certainly to be hoped that suffering and sorrow will in time perform their beneficent work of purification as well as expiation; that ultimately it will clearly appear that there is and can be no permanent obstruction to the great law of progression, and that every human soul will finally enter into a continued life of immortal love. Each one for him or herself is, and should be, fully responsible for his own qualities and affections, and for the state in which he may find himself in the world to come, whether it be happiness or unhappiness.

I have no doubt of the existence of a divine Providence. Intelligence and love in restraining evil and promoting good; but there is no power in the moral universe sufficiently omnipotent to destroy a man's free will, and his ability to shape his own destiny, whether it be exalted and glorious, or ignominious and degraded. Let us then, one and all, this day rejoice that we have the privilege, the power and opportunity, under God, of making the continued life which is promised us in the world to come, a life of honor, of purity and highest use.

A. H. NICHOLAS

The Last of It.

The controversy between brother Curtis and Tudor Castle began through misapprehension and is continued because those interested fail to understand each other. We publish the subjoined letters reluctantly, after having cut out more than half of good brother Curtis's comments, for which he will at some time thank us. Nothing further referring to this matter will be allowed space in THE BETTER WAY.

A WORD TO HELEN MARR CAMPBELL.

I am very sorry, on your account, that you published that letter to me in B. W. It will hurt you in the estimation of all the truly spiritual and good people. I had thought I would not notice it, and I would not but that you are a blind and dependent young lady. (I think one at 25 is young; I am 67, and I feel young.) I had understood before that you were physically blind; and your woman's heart and your mediumistic condition allow me to get near you in sympathy; and you know and feel this to be true.

If the folks at Tudor Castle read my recent article to you correctly, you would see that I said not a word to your discredit as a woman or as a medium. I am the friend and defender of mediums against the assaults of Christians who are banded together to destroy such as you, and relegate our glorious Spiritualism to the land of forgetfulness.

Now my dear unfortunate lady, (I want to say friend, but I fear you would not like it) do you not see that the spirit of your letter is not good? It may be "christian"—it is; but it is not spiritu-

al, nor does it exemplify the "golden rule" which you say is your rule of action.

You think I am "a thoroughly bad man." Only that it would seem like egotism, or want of modesty in me, I would copy what you said of me as a medium; it does not agree with your present estimate.

Let me tell you, Miss Campbell, "what's the matter" with Tudor Castle, so far as I am concerned. C. M. Keith wrote and published some absurd and foolish, and impossible things. I showed this so plainly, that he (she, I learn recently) could not extricate herself in print; so the Castle began writing abusive and insulting letters. Is it "gentle and loving" for man or spirit to write me that I "lowered myself below the brute creation" in that article? And that was not the worst that was written and done.

You are disposed to disparage my "vigorous letter" to Henry VIII., but seem ready to condone his to me. Let me tell you how I closed that letter. "If you are ready to become as a little child for the kingdom of heaven's sake and apologize to me for the language you used, write me." He has not written.

I am thankful to "Martin Luther" and other "spirits given to reform work" who, you said "used my brain," for the use they have made of it, thus far, in this Tudor Castle business. My "brain" is at the service of all who seek to prevent Spiritualism from being sold out to the Church.

I will add that I have just read C. M. Keith's article, also the editor's new rule for himself and for correspondents, which will doubtless work the better for the cause of Spiritualism. The letter of C. M. Keith justifies me in publishing the first letter I received from Henry VIII. I am then willing to leave to the readers of THE BETTER WAY the question of "personal perfection and chastity," and the question of courtesy, and the use of good language, in public or private correspondence.

Kindly, E. F. CURTIS.

THE LETTER.

TUDOR CASTLE, Feb. 13, 1898.

"E. F. CURTIS,

"As I see you I know you to be a man of great will and purpose, though out of tune with regard to some of your ideas with regard to spirituality and spirit existence. You are a highly sensitive medium capable of great good with regard to reformation; in fact, Martin Luther would use you, hence your recent experiences. But exercised, you did great good, and what troubled you was only seeming failure, and in no sense a reality. Your magnetism is very favorable to the development of media; in fact, your work of reform and progression is in every sense filled to overflowing with good to humanity. Therefore, be comforted and press forward. Write me again if my letter meets with your approval."

HENRY TUDOR VIII.

MINOR TROUBLES

Prisoner—"I am a peaceable man, your Honor, and I stood violent abuse from the man for over an hour. He then started to explain what was meant by of colors, duties in the tariff, and then I struck him. Judge (briefly): 'The prisoner is discharged.'—Lowell Citizen.

Rural Boy—"Say, pop, that new summer boarder from Philadelphia has been fishin' in the pond for most a week, and I'm afraid he's gettin' discouraged." Pop—"That won't do. You drive over to town to-night and buy another fish. Maybe the one we put in last week is dead."—Maine paper.

A Kentuckian gives the following glowing description of his trip abroad—"I landed at Liverpool at night, went to bed, had a good rest, got up in the morning, found the bar, called for an American cocktail, got it, took one taste, and—returned home in the next steamer. This country is good enough for me."

"Those stockings are all wool, I presume," she said, as she requested the clerk to wrap her up in a half dozen or so. "Oh, yes, Miss," he answered in thoughtfulness, "they're all wool and a yard wide." "Sir!" she exclaimed indignantly, and before he had fully realized what he had said she whisked out of the store. —Washington Critic.

Young Rector—"You go to the kindergarten, little girl!" Little girl—"Yeth thir." Rector—"Are there many little boys and girls at the kindergarten?" Little girl—"Yeth thir." Rector—"And you are very good, and never say or do anything naughty. Little girl—"Well, thir, Jonny Shary did thay that Harry Brown with a d— fool, but then he thir, you know?"

The other evening an old gentleman advanced the proposition that never in the course of his long life had he seen a woman that was not a mother. "Oh, yes," replied a lady, whose nose was of the purest Ukrainian breed, "don't you think I'm ugly?" "Not at all, madam," replied the gallant old gentleman, "but I have said she really had fallen from heaven, only you fell on your nose!"

"No girl gets along without a mother," said a moralist. "Very true," so they don't. See what a mess Eve made of it by not having a mother. If she had been under the restraining influence of a mother's counsel and love she would not have listened to the advice of the snake, and the apple would not have been marked by her pearly teeth. A girl who can't get a mother should do the best thing—get a mother-in-law. —(Norman Herald.)

Miss Clara (retired for the night)—"Ethel, wake up; there's the sweetest music you ever heard in front of the house. I just expected that Charles and his friends would serenade us in the 'Rockaway.' "Ethel, excellent! Oh! Clara, isn't it lovely? Oughtn't we to drop some flowers from the window?" Miss Clara—"Oh! I think so, (dropping a bunch of roses.) "Ethel, wake up! There, Ethel!" Voice below—"Morn' to it in time, ye no lift on roses!"

New York Sun—"A small boy of this town having been particularly unpleasant all day, his mother said as he was going to bed: 'When you say your prayers, George, ask God to make you a better boy. You have been very naughty to-day.' George obeyed, and just before the place for the 'amen,' said: 'And please God, make me a good boy,' and then after a pause, added with great solemnity: 'Nevertheless, not my will, Oh! Lord, but Thine be done!'"

The following stories are vouched for by a good blue-stock Presbyterian minister of Pennsylvania:—Sunday-School Teacher—"Who was Esau?" Small boy—"Esau was a man who wrote a book of fables, and sold his copyright for a bottle of portab. During the Christmas review exercises, a minister of the same denomination, at a meeting school for track hands, in Pennsylvania, the question was asked, 'Where was Christ born?' A boy, raising his hand, said, 'In Mough Gough.' The minister, in a moment of indignation, answered, 'Oh, no. Christ was born in Bethlehem.' 'Well, I knew it was somewhere on the Reading Railroad.'"

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THE GREAT CONSPIRACY;
(ITS EFFORTS AND FAILURES.)

A conspiracy is a combination of two or more persons for an evil purpose. Their design is always bad and usually unlawful. A conspiracy was inaugurated near a year ago for the destruction of Spiritualism by the so-called "religious element," composed of Catholics and Protestants, with plenty of money and a vast influence. It is thought that headquarters for this movement were established in Boston, although a valued correspondent on the Pacific coast has recently expressed the view that they were originally at San Francisco.

The plan of this movement was comprehensive at the outset, and it has been gradually enlarged. The entire press of the dogmatists and creed-slaves is enlisted in its behalf, many secular newspapers have been subsidized in its interest, the Reverend clergy of all denominations are pledged to its work, and "special detectives" are employed to hunt down and persecute the poor victims of its virulent malignity.

This would seem to involve all the elements needed for a sufficiently vigorous and wicked campaign against an unoffending class of people, but it did not satisfy these bigoted persecutors, some of whom are lineal descendants of those who applied the rack and thumbscrew to Galileo, and lighted the fagot which released the soul of Erasmus from his beleaguered mortality. They must have something more, and so they arranged with a few weak mediums, and Spiritualists under false pretenses, for a series of "exposures" of Spiritualism, and it is suspected that they also enlisted the services of a *Journal* which assumes spiritualistic gab for the purpose of more readily betraying the cause it professes to espouse! This, as above outlined, is a statement of the resources of the enemy to day. We are enabled to make an abridged exhibit of some of the work he has performed.

RAIDS.

Exposure of mediums in Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and other places, was easily designed and carried into effect. Professing Spiritualists, just converted, (spies) were employed to arrange for sittings with leading mediums whose confidence they had secured, and at the appointed time a lot of people were sent along for the purpose of making a raid. These mercenaries were supplied with masks, wigs, false beards, and drapery of various kinds, which they concealed about their persons for the purpose of bringing out at the opportune moment and pretending they were captured from the medium as part of the paraphernalia used in the seance,—thus showing the accessories of fraud on the spot! This part of the game was successfully worked upon several materializing mediums in Boston and San Francisco, and with one in New York. It was recently worked upon Mrs. E. Reynolds at San Diego, in an "exposure" which was deemed of sufficient consequence to incorporate in the dispatches of the associated press, while at the same time it is susceptible of proof that the only fraud on that occasion was perpetrated by the raiders, who counted their chickens too soon in the presence of the great public.

In Boston some paraphernalia of the kind described was captured from raiders by the friends of the medium, just as these mercenaries were about to exhibit it as the medium's property, and, as it was very fine and expensive, an attempt was made next day to recover it from the medium. The facts were made known to the magistrate whose services were employed by the persecutors, and he recalled his warrant! It is not probable that this lot of plunder will again be used for the purpose of fastening a false charge upon spirit mediums.

Some weak people who have professed mediumship, and part of these may have been mediums in a limited degree, were "induced" to confess that they had practiced systematic deception, and to denounce Spiritualism as a fraud, from the ground all the way up. This was done for ready cash, as will appear when the evidence is all in. The larger the lie, the more money it probably brings from the overflowing purse of that "element" which professes to be founded upon the teachings of him who proclaimed, "God is a spirit; and they that worship, must worship in spirit and in truth." Whether mediums or not, these weak people were never Spiritualists, and they can have no idea what Spiritualism is. If they had, all the wealth of the world could not induce them to grieve the dear spirits away.

RECALCITANT FOXES.

A new development of the tactics of those who are determined to crush Spiritualism has just come to light in a sensational dispatch from New York to some of our daily newspapers. It states that the Fox Sisters, through whose mediumship the original manifestations of spirit phenomena were had in 1848, are about to publicly denounce Spiritualism as a fraud and a deception, and uncover a prodigious mass

of nastiness which it has for many years carefully concealed from the world. Much villenous is hinted, about which one of the sisters says—or it is so reported—that she knows everything, but has never participated in it herself, except as an innocent spectator. Now—according to the representation in this special dispatch—she proposes to trumpet its infamy in resonant notes. Another sister will assist in the dissemination of sorrowful tidings anent the same great scandal. A third sister is accused of having written a book, "The Missing Link of Spiritualism," which is a tissue of falsehoods from title page to finish, so far as it relates to its nominal subject. What sister Leah proposes to do with this collection of fables, which has now ceased to be profitable, we are not informed, but even if she changes her tactics and tells the truth for awhile, where will she find a voucher for her reformed utterances? Who takes stock in any new version of a self confessed falsifier?

But to the world at large this sensational dispatch carries formidable significance. The Fox Sisters are popularly supposed to have "founded" Spiritualism, but really it is doubtful if they ever knew anything whatever about it. That which they may do or say will not have the least effect with thinking people. Neither Maggie nor Katie was ever a Spiritualist, for neither is blessed with sufficient intellect to comprehend or appreciate our sublime philosophy. They may give an opinion after the manner of Jack Bunby, and say something about mediumship for physical manifestations, and possibly account for the raps at Hydesville upon a recent theory, like that of the Seybert Commission,—but these things have no more to do with genuine Spiritualism than the atomic theory with the price of wheat at Chicago. Can they tell the world how Jesus of Nazareth changed water into wine; how he healed the leper; fed the multitude upon five loaves and two small fishes; walked upon the Sea of Galilee and stilled the tempest; dematerialized from the sight and touch of those Jews who had determined to kill him because he proclaimed himself the Christ in the synagogue; his appearance to the Magdalene and the holy women after the crucifixion; his conversation with the two disciples going to Emmaus; his revelation to the eyes of Peter, who took him for a spirit; his coming into "the upper room"; his promise of a further Gift; his rebuke of the doubting Thomas; his ascent from Olivet into heaven;—or reasonably explain any of these things without invoking the aid of Spiritualism? It must not be forgotten that this conspiracy is the movement of those who profess to take Jesus of Nazareth as their spiritual guide, and if his record is true, which they aver, how can they deny the genuineness of his mediumship? And if he pledged himself to confer the power to perform even greater things, upon whom has it been conferred, and how is it exercised? What has been the realization of that sacred promise of a Gift? This fitful fanaticism which asserts the literal truth of an ancient "miracle" in one breath, and denies the mediumship which is at the foundation of Modern Spiritualism in the next, can

"make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Matured counsels!"

Unless the reason of men is constantly on guard. Is it possible that they glory in self-deception? Upon what other hypothesis can their action be explained?

Spiritualists know that the Fox Sisters were spirit mediums beyond all doubt, but there is no evidence that they were ever Spiritualists. It is probable that their gifts were long ago reclaimed. It could scarcely be otherwise, for these gifts were infamously abused. In the case of one they were prostituted to intoxicants; in the case of another to fornication; in the case of the third, if we are to believe this special dispatch, to deliberate and premeditated falsehood. The "religious element" which employs such ministers of its holy work must be in a dilemma. Is it possible that the wax which once cemented its cherub wings has melted?—or does the prospect that the eleemosynary source of its ambrosial supplies is in danger, render it essentially daft? Spiritualists have great regard for the original mediumistic gifts of the little Fox girls at Hydesville. Had these been duly cultivated, it may be supposed that no mediums in the world to-day would excel these Sisters in psychic gifts; but they were spoiled by an unhealthy notoriety, adulation, and an inherited appetite for spiritus frumenti; and their "Spiritualism" is now of the proper grade to serve the purpose of the conspirators in an exhibition of "frightful examples." But what is to be thought of the "reform movement" which is driven to such pitiful makeshifts—such confession of abject poverty in means?

PRESS AND PREACHERS.

What shall we say of the intellectual phases of this conspiracy? The press and pulpit have them in charge. The former intellectual factor was characteristically represented by the New York *World* during the "trial" of Madame Diss Debar, and the latter in the repetition of a thirteen-year-old sermon by Rev. Dewitt Talmage. The press of New York, both secular and religious, hounded Mrs. Debar like ravenous wolves, and the taste of blood made all its creatures frantic for more. Therefore raids upon mediums were "the thing" for several months, but the tactics of the raiders were understood, and on but two occasions were they successful in working the fraudulent appliances supplied by

themselves into the main features of their sensational reports. They attended seances with revolvers, wigs, false beards, masks and various articles of disguise concealed about their person, with the knowledge and connivance of their superiors, and the understanding, expressed or implied, that they were to make Spiritualism rank and unsavory in the nostrils of the people.

Mr. Talmage's forensic effort was echoed by several gospels, some of whom repeated the beautiful biblical sentiment that "No witch shall be permitted to live," and followed it up by denunciation of spirit mediums as witches. So, in desperation, the pulpit counselled murder, and therefore—we suppose, therefore—the raiders attended seances with their revolvers ready for immediate use. Good brother Talmage even went so far as to declare: "I hate Spiritualism!" and he repeated it, with a resounding thump with his fist upon the Bible, as if in spite against that book for its grand spiritualistic record! Is hate a "meek and lowly" impulse? Is it really a Christian sentiment? Then what heathen was it who in the time ago declared: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself?"

Mr. Talmage and his co-haters were conclusively answered; in New York by Mrs. Brigham and Mark M. Pomeroy; in Philadelphia by Dr. Willis; in Boston by Mrs. Lillie; in Bridgeport (Conn.) and Worcester (Mass.) by Miss Hagan; in Cincinnati by Mrs. Glading; elsewhere by a hundred eloquent speakers and ready pens; and not one of his so-called arguments could for a moment stand the test of truth. He was vanquished; but, as the popular lecturer and dramatic pulpit orator, his words have gone forth to millions of minds; whereas the utterances of the more modest and less known apostles of the better dispensation reached the minds and hearts of the few, and thus truth was left in temporary shadow—for which Talmage and his fellow-gossplers must bear the responsibility. We proceed reluctantly to the discussion of

ANOTHER DIVISION

Of these intellectual phases—this one not properly so-called; but it is a subsection of the non-descript newspaper press, and must come under this head for the time being. It is the mouth organ of Bundyism, yclept R. P. J., which ought to mean "Readily-Purchased Judas." Whether regularly engaged in the service of the conspirators, under contract to do their dirtiest work, or whether this work is done in the hope of reward after Spiritualism is vanquished, we know not; but the evidence is conclusive that no enemy of Spiritualism is able and willing to perform viler acts than the prejudice of the cause which Spiritualists hold dearer than life, than John C. Bundy. There need be no uncertainty on this point, for he has foully traduced several of our best mediums, notably Mrs. Richmond and Mrs. Wells, two of the most eminent professional psychologists now engaged in the public work of Spiritualism. At a time when the Diss Debar excitement ran highest in New York; in the midst of the most desperate raids upon mediums in Boston and San Francisco; at the time when the Talmagean virus was doing its most deadly work in the public mind, and the arch conspirators against truth were in high feather,—to wit, on 5th May last, he said in his R. P. J.: "If necessary, we can prove in the courts of New York City that Mrs. Wells is a vile swindler, and has been for years using trick cabinets and confederates." This was deliberately printed by Bundy about a medium he has never tested—about a lady he never saw! With what motive? What does the reader imagine was his design, if not to still further prejudice the public mind against Spiritualism? He could have had no other motive,—and yet he is supposed by some confiding souls to be publishing a Spiritualist paper!! It is the trick of an undermining apostate—dissembling, changing front like Proteus, but always carrying the necessary burden of duplicity. He is not a Spiritualist, and is wholly without practical knowledge as to what Spiritualism is; but he looks to Spiritualists for patronage of his paper which libels the noblest and best workers, and thus plays directly into the hands of the entire horde of ecclesiastical mountebanks.

Some good people write us entreatingly to show leniency toward this man. We have nothing to do with him. It is not the man we attack. Our business is to defend the cause against all assailants, no matter who they are, and to see justice done to mediums, so far as we possess the power; and one of the first duties we recognize as a journalist of Spiritualism is to protect our camp against the wiles and dissimulations of spies and traitors. How is it that this man, in his accusations, almost invariably denounces mediums who are above suspicion, and the best of their kind? In this regard, either his ingenuity or his ignorance is barbarous, and he may take his choice of terms. Matters are working toward a point where he will be compelled to pay for some of his villenous about Mrs. Wells, and it is rumored that he will soon have several formidable libel suits to defend, all of which will consume no little time and probably more cash than the business of the R. P. J. can comfortably spare. But he will learn something—that lying is an expensive luxury; which he ought to have found out long ago.

What is his real position toward Spiritualism? Of course he greatly desires to defeat Mrs. Wells, who has staid him for damages in the sum of \$20,000. The ene-

mies of Spiritualism desire him to defeat Mrs. Wells, for thus they will achieve an apparent triumph. Therefore Bundy and the enemies of Spiritualism must work together and sympathize with each other openly, for their interests are in common, and they stand before the world in the common attitude of persecutors of mediums. That which is for the benefit of Bundy must necessarily injure Spiritualism, and yet hundreds of people believe that he still publishes a Spiritualist journal! Which he don't. Which he cannot. Which he would n't if he could. But for all this, there is one eminent individual in whose estimation Bundy over-looks everybody. The eminent individual is Col. Bundy.

In this libel suit, how many of our Spiritualist readers sympathize with Bundy?

Not one. It is not possible. Every worthy Spiritualist sympathizes with the plaintiff, and every one who knows her personally ardently prays for her triumphant and early success—about which there is but little question.

RECAPITULATION.

This conspiracy, with plenty of cash and the entire strength of orthodoxy behind it, with a disposition to resort to any means, however disreputable, to gain its ends, is weaker than faith without charity, for it has lost confidence in its own plans. This is proved in its attempt to utilize the Foxes and Bundy after the day of their usefulness to Spiritualism is past, and in its failure to successfully deposit the implements of fraud at the seances attended by its creatures. It cannot go on without a radical reconstruction of programme, which may possibly be worked out through the tactics of one Veazey, of Cincinnati, who has new ideas regarding the fraudulent production of independent slate-writing, and a question of veracity with some of our most reputable citizens. If we have correct information regarding him, he will make as good a recruit for the army of conspirators as ancient Pistol proved for Falstaff's army when it marched through Coventry, and they should lose no time in securing his services. It will not be a long engagement, for unless this wonderful movement achieves more signal success this winter than has yet remunerated its exertions, the birds of spring will carol its requiem. Success can never attend its plans, for they are conceived in sin and attempted to be made effective through utterly dishonest expedients.

Somewhere in this article we have hinted at the ignorance of the Fox sisters, not as a reproach, but as a reason for action which the world would not otherwise understand. We admire intellect in woman, yet, as Pearson says, womanliness does not consist in intellectuality. The first thing in which it does consist is self-respect, and this would be a good point for the Fox sisters to seriously consider. We expect words such as Talmage uttered only from the scandal-mumbling beldam, and not from the man of reputed intelligence, who is not supposed to speak without information. He proved himself uncharitable and untruthful, and offended many of his own church members. The effort to harm Spiritualism was a failure, for every effort of man to harm it will fail. Yet it may be criticized. What thing in which human thoughts and hands are dabbled may not? Is it possible for human purity not to betray to an eye sharpened by malignity some stains which lay concealed and unregarded when none thought it their interest to discover them? Neither the most circumspect attention nor the steadiest rectitude can escape blame from censors who have no inclination to approve; and nothing has a keener scent for blemishes than malice.

P. S.—In response to a note from us, a friend in New York says, in substance, that he can understand something of the effect the course of the Fox sisters may have upon those who do not know them. Unfortunately the two now before the public are hopeless wrecks. The older sister, Mrs. Underhill, is an estimable lady, and she, with her husband, have done everything in their power to reclaim the wayward ones. They were so bad last winter and spring that it became a serious question what to do with them. If we (meaning the Spiritualists of New York) had let the law take its course, they would have been sent to Blackwell's Island.

We are informed that they are at present in the hands of the Catholic Church, an institution which seems to be running them for all they are worth. The sisters seem to have plenty of money, and that to them is a new experience. The Church must look upon Spiritualism as something of the utmost importance, to deem it necessary to resort to such means to overthrow it. You will find this *emute* evanescent to the last degree, and the least it is stirred the better. Let the Foxes go. They will soon get to the end, and there is nothing which will so much hasten this end as silence.

Our correspondent had a long conversation with the writer of the Fox articles in the New York *Herald*. He, the writer, expressed surprise that Spiritualists are not more exercised over what he calls "the Exposure by the Fox Sisters." Our friend replied that it could not injure Spiritualism at all; that if these two women wish to publish themselves to the world as frauds and humbugs, perhaps they have a right to do so; that they are beyond the possibility of hurting themselves by anything outside of what they have already done; that they will be used by the parties in whose hands they now are to the utmost extent possible, and then cast aside as useless,—when one of the sayings of the Church will be in order: "The Lord have mercy upon them."

"THE GHOST OF HAGLAN COURT."

An Attractive Story, written expressly for THE BETTER WAY, by JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER, of Boston.

Will commence publication in the columns of this journal next week, October 27th, and continue through several numbers, to an interesting and very dramatic conclusion. This announcement should lead to an increase of orders from news dealers and the general public.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

The Spiritualists of this enterprising Southern city are doing excellent work, and keeping the cause strong and healthy in their midst through wholesome agitation. For intelligence and alertness they are not excelled anywhere, and we are much gratified at the promise of brief reports of their doings. The first of these will be published next week, and it will include a fair abstract of an address delivered by that excellent speaker, R. S. Woolford, on Sunday, 8th inst.

There is not a more befitting honor to the cause of Spiritualism than the homage of confidence with which its adherents regard it, and this fact forces thousands of our people to recoil with horror from the contemplation of the recent attitude which the Catholic Church has procured the Fox sisters to assume. Let our good friends be assured. The Fox sisters were never Spiritualists, and never comprehended the blessedness of its revelations, although they, for some reason inexplicable, were made the instruments of these revelations. Possibly just as the Jacquard loom is made the instrument of beautiful silk fabrics, as a mere machine to carry out the design of the superior artist.

Tertullian, "De Anima," ch. ix, describes a prophetess or "weird sister," who, seized with ecstasy during church worship, seemed to converse with angels or with the Lord himself, foretold many events correctly, divined what was passing in peoples' minds, and prescribed medicines which cured the ailments of all who consulted her. These things happened near seventeen hundred years ago, and yet they are equal to some of the choicest blessings of modern Spiritualism. We do not learn that there was any thing like a raid upon this good medium.

Frank T. Ripley.

Pittsburg, Pa., October 14, 1888.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Mr. Frank T. Ripley, of Boston, lectured here last night, at the hall of the Spiritualist Society, of which lecture the following is an abstract:

The question, "Which produces the greater happiness, the pleasures of hope or of memory," was answered by his control, Thomas Star King. He said, as a spirit he was ashamed of the man or woman who would commit a sin, and then ask God's forgiveness. Memory is the real soul, and never dies, and when you pass to the spirit world, you will see your deeds before you as a monument of the past, suffering for the evil ones and feeling happy for the good deeds, and then realize that you must work out your own salvation. I am trying to teach you a truth and not a creed. Spiritualism is Naturalism, as it should be called; a holy truth; and to give you tests and proofs, we, as spirits, must bring matter in contact with matter, and once understanding these laws you will find it perfectly natural. You must reason, and without fear. To say you believe in Spiritualism does not make you a Spiritualist. You must be governed by laws that would develop you and lead you out of your old ideas and church conditions, and the memory of your early training. You must pass through a refining process in order to comprehend the teachings of the spirits fully. You can not break one law of nature without coming in contact with it, and it reacts for pain, as thrusting your hand into a flame will cause it to burn, and all the prayers in the world could not relieve you.

Do not be ashamed to assert that you have a truth, and not a creed, and live up to your belief as becomes a true and honest man, so that when your memory reverts to the past you will have more good than bad, and will feel repaid for your little sacrifice by feeling happy.

At the close the control gave a number of tests which were recognized by those to whom they came.

Mr. Ripley remains here the balance of this month, and is very much appreciated by all with whom he comes in contact.

S. A. GARDNER.

Was Dickens a Spiritualist?

In "Nicholas Nickleby," Smike asks Nicholas: "Do you remember the boy that died here?" (They were at Wackford Squeer's Academy, Dotheboys Hall.) "I was not here, you know; but what of him?"

"I was with him at night; and, when all was silent, he cried no more for friends he wished to come and sit with him, but began to see faces around his bed that came from home; he said they smiled and talked to him; and he died at last, lifting his head to kiss them."

This is an affecting picture, impossible without spirit presence, but unmistakably indicating the clairvoyant condition in the hour of mortal dissolution. It is of frequent occurrence and suggestive of valuable instruction.

Additional Editorial on Eighth Page.

Supreme Court, County of New York.

ELIZA A. WELLS,
Plaintiff,
vs.
JOHN C. BUNDY,
Defendant.

ELIZA A. Wells, the plaintiff, complaining of John C. Bundy, the defendant in this action, on her information and belief says: That the defendant is the publisher and proprietor of a newspaper in the city of Chicago, Illinois, called the "Religio Philosophical Journal," which paper has a large circulation in the cities of Chicago, New York and elsewhere.

And the plaintiff further says that she, the plaintiff is, and for several years last past has been a spiritualist medium and clairvoyant, and is known as, and in fact is a materializing medium, a trance medium, and a clairvoyant; that at times when in a small cabinet or enclosure, and sometimes when outside of the cabinet, in presence of other persons in a room, while she is in a trance or unconscious state, spirits of deceased persons or persons who have departed this life appear, as she is informed and believes, and make their presence known, often in visible material forms; and for the purpose of causing or enabling spirits to so make their presence known, and to materialize visible forms, and to enable her friends and others to witness such manifestations, she has for several years last past held public and private seances, for a sum or a price to be paid to her by persons attending the same; and that when not in a trance or unconscious state, spirits of persons who have departed this life often appear to her and make their presence and personality known to her, and the presence of such spirits are made known and evidence or proofs of their identity given by her to persons who knew them in this life, for which information and descriptions the plaintiff when holding seances receives a pecuniary compensation.

And the plaintiff further says, that knowing of the plaintiff's holding such seances, and of her being, or being known as a medium and clairvoyant; and for the purpose of injuring, and wickedly and maliciously intending thereby to injure the plaintiff in her good name, fame and credit in the city of New York, where she resides, and elsewhere, and to bring her into public scandal, infamy and disgrace with and amongst her neighbors, patrons and other good and worthy citizens, and to injure her in her business, and to cause it to be believed by such neighbors and other patrons that she was not, and is not a genuine medium, and that the alleged spirit manifestations at her seances were not genuine, but were fraudulent, and that persons attending the same, or paying for admission thereto were deceived, swindled and defrauded by the plaintiff, the defendant did on the 5th day of May 1888, wickedly and maliciously publish or cause to be published in his said newspaper of and concerning the plaintiff, in an article referring to the plaintiff and her mediumship, the following false, scandalous, libelous and defamatory words, viz:

"If necessary we can prove in the Courts of New York City that Mrs. Wells is a vile swindler and has for years been using trick cabinets and confederates;" (meaning by "confederates" persons used and employed by the plaintiff to represent or personate spirits, and thereby to deceive the persons attending the seances; and meaning by "trick cabinets" the cabinets in which the plaintiff caused materializing seances to be so circulated and distributed among the friends, neighbors, acquaintances, and patrons of the plaintiff and other citizens was, and the charges therein and thereby made were false, malicious and defamatory, and by means of which she has been and still is greatly injured in her good name, fame, and credit, and brought into public scandal, infamy and disgrace with and amongst her neighbors, acquaintances, and other good and worthy citizens, and has sustained besides great pecuniary loss and injury, to the damage of the plaintiff of twenty thousand dollars.)

WHEREFORE the plaintiff demands judgment against the defendant for the damage aforesaid, in the sum of twenty thousand dollars, beside the cost of this action.

ELIZA A. WELLS, Plaintiff's Attorney.

City and County of New York, S. S.

ELIZA A. WELLS, the plaintiff named in the foregoing complaint, being duly sworn, says that the said complaint, being read to her, she believes in the truth of the matters therein stated to be alleged on information and belief, and as to those matters she believes it to be true.

Sworn to before me this 5th day of October, 1888, EDWARD J. KNOWER, Notary Public, Queens County. Certificate filed in New York County.

Notes from Boston.

Mr. J. Wm. Fletcher lectured to large and enthusiastic audiences in Providence on Sunday last, and will continue during the month. Mr. Fletcher's descriptive test seances are a great feature, and there were many hearts made glad by cheering words uttered by the spirits.

Mr. W. J. Colville gave the first lecture before the Independent Club, on Sunday afternoon in Berkeley Hall; there was a large attendance. The club, which now numbers several hundred, was started for the purpose of studying spiritual science and suppressing scandal. It also meets every Wednesday.

Mrs. Eugenia Beste, the wonderful voice and materializing medium, is now located at No. 51 Dwight street, Boston, but she will probably pass the winter in Philadelphia and Washington, where she has a large clientele.

Mrs. Willis Fletcher is improving rapidly and will soon take her place in the college of physicians and surgeons, where she is looked upon as one of the most brilliant and promising students.

Mrs. Shepard Lillie, lectured in Berkeley Hall, Boston, on Sunday. She will speak 3 Boston for six months this season. Her husband furnishes the music for those occasions.

How a Family was Converted to Spiritualism.

Keilburg, Ill.

Dr. A. B. DOBSON, Maquoketa, Ia.

Dear Sir:—I write you this to inform you of the success you and your land have had in curing mother. I will say I have never seen her as well as she is at present. She has used your remedies two months, and since the second week she has had no trouble with her stomach or pains in her back. Your remedies have done more good than ten years by the regulars. Father has spent hundreds of dollars and years of labor in attempting to cure what you have done in two months, costing only \$3.35 including postage. She does all her own work now, except washing. Your cure of her has done one thing more, it has made us all confirmed Spiritualists. I remain yours truly,
MONROE McDONALD.

PERSONAL.

Dr. A. G. Larson and wife, healing mediums, have recently come to Cincinnati, and are located at No. 15 Gest street. They are highly recommended by well-known people.

An excellent spirit medium, Mrs. Shirley, is now located at No. 247 West Seventh street. Her special announcements will be found elsewhere in this impression of THE BETTER WAY.

G. W. Kates and wife lectured and gave tests in St. Louis, Mo., Sunday, October 14th. They hold an eight days' series of meetings at Millersville, Mo., commencing October 17. They return to St. Louis, Sunday, October 28. During the month of November they serve the Spiritual Society at Pittsburgh, Pa.

We were much gratified, early this week, by a call from the staunch Spiritualist and effective worker in the vineyard, Brother J. W. Inall, of Oil City, Pa. He is one of those wholesome gentlemen who are willing to inquire their way to the truth through the intricacies of conviction and belief, and to learn something while they impart a good deal of valuable instruction to others on the way. He has pretty much got there, and now he is one of the noble few who are willing to help others to the same results, and he is duly blest.

Movements of Mediums.

All announcements and notices under this head must be received at this office by Monday to insure insertion the same week.

Mary L. French is open for engagements for 1888.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis is now residing at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y.

Mrs. Fannie Ogden, 618 Main street, Peoria, Ill. Trance, Test and Psychometric reader. Can be engaged for the season of '88 and '89.

Joseph Schuenberger, trumpet medium, No. 8 Corwin street, between McKicken and Walnut.

Mrs. T. J. Lewis, speaker and test medium, 305 Harrison Ave., Boston, will answer calls in the Eastern States.

Miss Josephine Webster, Trance and Platform Test medium, will answer calls for the fall and winter months. 98 Park street, Chelsea, Mass.

Mrs. Sallie C. Scoville, psychometric reader and test medium, has now taken parlors at 1115 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

Dr. Delavan De Voe, the renowned automatic slate writer and magnetic healer, is now located at 208 W. Fourteenth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Sallie Scoville, the well-known psychometric reader is again in the city and can be found at No. 1415 Olive street, St. Louis Mo.

Frank T. Ripley, speaker and platform test medium, can be engaged for the month of March and April, 1889, by addressing him at Banner of Light office, Boston Mass.

Miss Lizzie D. Bailey, trance lecturer and psychometric reader, is open for engagements. Reasonable terms. Address Dr. Thos. McAbby, 727 Twelfth st., Louisville, Ky.

Mr. J. W. Fletcher, lecturer and public test medium, will speak in Providence, R. I., during October; in Williamstown, Conn., the first and second Tuesdays in November; in Springfield, Mass., from the third Tuesday of November until January 1889. Address No. 4 Beacon street, Boston, Mass. Mr. Fletcher accepts engagements in New England only.

Mrs. E. A. Wells is now ready to make engagements to lecture, or as a platform test medium. Societies desiring to make engagements must state time after first January 1889. Address 900 Sixth avenue, New York.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan is now ready to make engagements for camp work in the months of July and August, '89. She may be addressed at South Framingham, Mass. During the month of April and half of May, '89, she will speak on Sundays in Ohio, and will engage to speak week days and evenings of this period at points in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, giving a course of six lectures at a place, as she is now doing in New England, or a less number, as may be desired, at moderate charge. Regarding such engagements she respectfully solicits correspondence.

Dr. Dean Clarke, a veteran worker and one of our most eloquent inspirational speakers desires immediate engagements for the winter months. Let all who want an energetic and highly-endowed spiritual teacher send for him. Address care of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

Our good friend, J. W. Fletcher, the well-known materializing and trumpet medium, now located at No. 55 Carlisle avenue, has kindly volunteered to give a seance on the last Friday of each and every month for the benefit of the Society of Union Spiritualists. These seances will be first-class in every particular, as all of brother Fletcher's seances are, and they should be largely attended by Spiritualists of Cincinnati and neighborhood. Remember, the last Friday evening in every month.

Frank T. Ripley, of Boston, may be engaged as speaker and test medium by any good Spiritualist Society in Ohio or Indiana for the full month of December. His address during the present month is No. 117 Sandusky street, Allegheny City, Pa.

CINCINNATI MEDIUMS.

Mrs. J. H. Stowell, Trance. Bates Avenue, near Colerain.

A. Willis, materialization, No. 19 Broadway.

Mrs. M. Reinhart, Trumpet Medium, 543 W. Court St.

Mrs. S. Seery, 34 Gest street, Trumpet and Slate Writing.

Mrs. A. G. Kuball, 308 Baymiller street, between Poplar and Findley streets, Trumpet, J. D. Lyons, 188 Richmond street. Trance, Readings from Letters, Photos, Hair, etc.

Mrs. M. Engert, Trumpet. 67 Marshall Ave.

J. W. Fletcher, materializing and trumpet medium, No. 55 Carlisle avenue.

J. E. Mikeswell, trumpet and musical, No. 308 Race.

Mrs. A. Kibby, clairvoyant and test medium, 538 W. Eight street.

Mrs. Stewart, Trumpet and Independent Slate Writing. 10 Addison street.

Mrs. Anna Cusna, Independent Slate Writer, 454 West Eighth street.

Mrs. Laura A. Carter, Hawthorne avenue, Price Hill, Independent Slate Writer.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Winchester, 371 Elm street, Trumpet.

COPPER CITY, SHASTA, CO., CAL.

B. F. Poole, Dear Sir:—The spectacles you sent came to hand four weeks ago, and I find them to be superior to any that I have ever worn.

Very respectfully, H. C. McCLEURE.

J. J. Morse in Chicago.

This eloquent English orator is engaged to the Young People's Progressive Society of Chicago for the month of October. Mr. Morse is a noted trance medium on the spiritual platform, a year's engagement in San Francisco having won for him thousands of friends in his personal life, and hundreds of thousands in his public life. One year ago he dedicated the above Society to the cause of Spiritualism and its work has been carried out thus far with the greatest success. The meetings this month are to be entirely free.

The Independent Club

Of Boston will begin its first course of lectures in Berkeley Hall, Berkeley street, Sunday afternoon at 8 p. m. Mr. W. J. Colville will be the regular speaker. Fine music has been secured, and other agreeable arrangements made.

Mr. Colville will also speak in Chelsea, Mass., on the evening of that Sunday and subsequent Sundays.

Little Testimonials.

"In union there is strength." It is the same with "Union Vinegar," made by Messrs. S. W. & G. C. Jennings, whose firm is styled the Union Vinegar Co., and whose location is at 67-69 Canal street. They are distillers of wine and elder vinegars of best qualities, and manufacturers of sweet and crab cider, table sauces, catsup and French mustard. Their goods are of standard strength and quality, and as staple in this market as flour and pork.

Kline's Ink is the best writing fluid for counting-house use of which we have any knowledge. For many years it has been used in the public schools of Cincinnati, and is largely endorsed by business men everywhere. Manufactured in this city by C. A. Aiken, who bottles it for the trade and supplies orders by the gallon or barrel.

Peoples' Spiritual Society, Chicago.

Mrs. A. N. Colby Luther will speak for the Peoples' Spiritual Society, at 2:30 and 7:45 p. m. at their hall, No. 116 Fifth Avenue, on Sunday, October 7, and on each Sunday afternoon and evening during the month of October be followed by Mr. J. Clegg Wright and others of our best speakers during the fall and winter months.

G. JENIFER, Sec'y.

Mrs. C. B. Bliss.

We learn that this excellent and widely known medium for spirit materialization will visit Cincinnati next week and give seances here for a short season. Our information comes from a reliable source, and certainly Spiritualists and inquirers in and near Cincinnati will now have an extraordinary opportunity to witness this grand phenomenon of spirit power in its most instructive and gratifying phases. Particulars may be looked for in THE BETTER WAY of next week.

Passed to Spirit Life.

At her home, Waynesville, O., on Saturday last at 5 p. m., Dr. Miriam Williamson, after only a momentary illness. She was a good physician, and leaves a great number of patients at Waynesville, Richmond, Ind., and Cincinnati, who sincerely mourn her departure. Her funeral occurred at Waynesville on Tuesday, 16th inst.

Boston Lyceum No. 1.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Paine Hall, Sunday, Oct. 14, '88

We were favored with quite a large audience. The school opened with song, and instructor lesson. A large delegation from the Lyceum at Brockton, Mass., favored us with a visit this morning. The children were placed in groups and the officers invited to seats on the platform; after which the march took place; 126 children and leaders took part.

Conductor Weaver, in a neat little speech, in behalf of Boston Lyceum, welcomed the Brockton Lyceum to our hall, and hoped that their visit would be a pleasant and instructive one.

Remarks were made by Mrs. Ada Sheehan, of Cincinnati, the guest of Brockton Lyceum, and in their behalf thanked the officers and members of the Boston Lyceum for the kind attention and reception given them.

The children deserve great credit for the beautiful manner in which they carried out the programme; also, the officers and leaders for the able manner in which they discharged their duties.

A beautiful collation having been prepared in the banquet hall, the Brockton Lyceum were invited to partake of the same, and make themselves at home.

Yours for the cause,
RICHARD LAUNDY.

St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

St. Louis, Mo., October 15, '88

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists met at their hall, 805 North Jefferson Ave., Sunday, October 14. Mrs. M. T. Allen occupied the rostrum, and her guides lectured upon the following subject, given by the audience, "The Evolution of Religion."

This subject was handled in a masterly manner, and highly appreciated by the vast audience. After the lecture a few psychometric readings were given, after which the chairman announced that the meetings would be discontinued for four weeks, on account of Mrs. Allen having to go to Peoria, Ill., to fill a short engagement there. The news of Mrs. Allen's temporary departure caused much regret among her auditors, and it was with greatest reluctance that her many friends would consent to her leaving them, so deep is the attachment they have for her. Due notice of her return, and the resumption of the meetings, will be given both in the columns of the daily papers and also through the spiritual press of the country. Mrs. Allen was bid God-speed on her journey, and a speedy return was impressed upon her, as the hundreds who have received spiritual manna through her organism will patiently await her return, so that they may again hear the golden truths that fall from her lips. Yours, in the cause,
MILTON LYLE.

Brother Frank T. Ripley.

This gentleman is meeting with distinguished success at Pittsburgh, where his reputation as a speaker and test medium is well established. He was under engagement to speak in this city, but it will be seen from the subjoined letter that our people will not enjoy the pleasure of hearing him in January:

"Allegheny City, Oct. 12, '88.
"C. C. STOWELL, Sec'y, Cincinnati, O.
"Dear Sir:—Owing to circumstances over which I have no control, I am obliged to cancel my engagement with the Society of Union Spiritualists for January, '89.
"Fraternally,
"FRANK T. RIPLEY."

Commercial Traveler (in a fascinating tone of voice to pretty waitress): "Steak and baked potatoes, Mary." Pretty waitress (haughtily): "My name ain't Mary, Cully. Commercial Traveler: "Well don't get mad about it, dear. My name ain't Cully."—Exchange.

AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRES.

Arrangements have been perfected by which Fantasma remains with us another week. The success which attended this production last week, was phenomenal. The house was packed to the doors nightly. Nor was it an undeserved success. Fantasma as it now stands, is the best by far of any spectacular productions. The new scenery, new trick, and countless other novelties incidental to the production; all were pronounced by the press of this city to be above the comparison, and the company—well, it is by a large majority the best ever used in the production.

Laura Birt as Fantasma, scored a decided hit, while her stump speech in the last act, served to set the audiences on fire with delight. Mattie Lee, A. C. Orsell, Arthur Dano, and Little Toosey, while their parts were not large, yet allowed them sufficient opportunities for the display of their specialities, which have won for each almost world renown.

In the other characters Rose Forte, Francois Z. Sterl, Chas. Reigel, Wm. Hanton and Ida Morley made the hits of their lives. Fantasma is an apt criterion of the force and resources of the brain of the Hantons and in it we are most happy to state that they have a "four-time winner." Of the gorgeous spectacle we most humbly proclaim ourselves devoted worshippers and Messrs. Hanton, we take off our hats to you.

PEOPLES' THEATRE.

Sunday afternoon next, The Hyde Specialty Company whose name recalls many past pleasures at their performance is announced at the Peoples' Theatre. In the East the company have met with extraordinary success, such in fact as was never known before and the New York Sun says, that it is by far the grandest constellation of vaudeville celebrities ever launched on the sea of theatricals, and judging from the company which we append they are not far from right.

Harry Watson, whose teutonic comicallities are too well-known to be commented upon assisted by a charming lyricalist Alice Hutchins in a very amusing skit, "The Music Lesson;" Flora Moore, who as a songstress in character, stands without a rival; Conroy and Dempsey, always have something new in comic humor and song to present and this time in exception to the rule; Helene Mora, a lady possessed of a wonderful baritone voice, will vocalize accordingly; the America Four (Pettingill, Cole, Lewis and Wells) in their hilarious success, Scenes in a Restaurant; James McAvoy in a new budget of topical and local hits; Smith and Lord, in their burlesque trapeze act illustrating a tramp's experience, Nellie Parsons in a number of the latest and most popular melodies; (Mrs. Fox) in his original comic jugglery the brightest act on the vaudeville stage and Chas. Newson a most versatile comedian in a specialty peculiarly his own. A bright afterpiece will conclude this rare entertainment.

Letter From G. W. Kates.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Since my last to you, my wife and self have itinerated considerably in Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas. We have met cordial receptions wherever we have gone. At Adair, Iowa, the meeting called out representatives from nearly all the families of the town. Mr. A. Sisson entertained us with a liberal, Western hospitality. We then journeyed across the prairies and visited the grave of our mother, amidst the waving grass and sighing winds, where we held a little service under the ministry of Mrs. Kates' spirit control, which seemed to unite us more to the realm of spirit and energize us to work more to destroy the terrors of death.

Visiting Lawrence, Kansas, next, we found a heroic band trying to present our topical philosophy amidst a people frozen by the leaguers of a frigid theology. Our meetings here were well attended, and the friends cordial and social. We were elegantly entertained by the excellent family of Wilbur M. Hayes.

Our respects were next paid to Kansas City, Mo., for two weeks, where we held several meetings. We awakened some interest there, and had great success in the school of battle. We found Dr. T. A. Kimmell and wife to be earnest and heroic in the work. They are ever ready to render help to the visiting speaker or medium.

At St. Louis, Mo., we were met with a cordial reception. Our meetings last Sunday were attended by audiences that filled the hall, and we received many compliments for the lectures and tests that cheered our hearts and made us feel like working with added zeal. Cold and critical audiences chill mediums so much that it is no wonder they drop out of the ranks and seek pleasanter vocations. A warm-hearted audience strengthens and cheers the medium to continue in the work of love. Let us always try to give the helping hand and never place barriers in the way of any one who is making an honest effort.

We go to Millersville, Mo., for eight days' to sleight bigotry and superstition, trusting that spirit help may enable us to uplift many hearts and minds to bask in a warmer and clearer light. Fraternally,
G. W. KATES.

St. Louis, October 18.

An English magazine lately told the story of the keeper of a wine shop in Paris named Drogo, who, in 1871, at the close of the war with Germany, found himself utterly ruined, and, with his family, on the verge of starvation.

In his cellar was a heap of old sardine boxes. It occurred to him that the solder might be removed from them and sold, and the tin boxes themselves converted into little toys for children.

He set at work, succeeded, and in a year or two had established a factory in which thousands of waste sardine boxes are bought, melted and sent out again, glorious in paint, gilding and varnish, as toy soldiers, animals, chariots, Venetian lanterns and buttons.

Cheap Reading.

We have a large lot of back numbers of THE BETTER WAY, which will be mailed to those who wish them, for use or distribution, at the rate of fifty for one dollar. They will be sent assorted, all different numbers, if so desired, and are just as good for missionary work as issues of a late date. They should be ordered largely, and at once.

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Speakers and Mediums.

Under engagement by the Union Society of Spiritualists, Cincinnati, for the dates named:

OCTOBER: Mrs. A. M. Glading, speaker and

Platform Medium.

NOVEMBER: Walter Howell,

DECEMBER: Mrs. E. A. Wells,

Feb. 1889: Mrs. N. T. Brigham,

March, 1889: Helen Stuart-Richings,

April, 1889: Jennie B. Hagan,

May, 1889: Edgar W. Emerson,

June, 1889: Edgar W. Emerson.

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—10—

Mrs. Glading

Is most favorably known to Spiritualists

Written for The Better Way.

Key to Immortality.
BY PROF. J. B. CAMPBELL, M. D., V. D.

You remember my illustration of the fuel, and air, and blaze to produce a fire. Fire-blaze and the lightning's flash are forms of vita. In fire you see the use of matter and spirit and the importance of both, and the greater importance of vita in the blaze, as without it there could be no fire or manifestation of life; but with it there is motion, heat, light, and life, and, with proper conditions, which are now not hard to supply, can be kept up forever—hence immortality and eternal life become a fixed fact.

Perhaps you are ready to say that matter and spirit you know; but tell us more of vita, that life-sustaining power that is to cure all disease, conquer death and the grave, and make human beings immortal. Well, we shall endeavor to explain vita so that you may understand it and know it for yourselves. But what is vita, and where does it come from, and

WHAT DOES IT DO?
The source of everything has been found, but who has discovered the source of vita? Steam comes from water, electricity comes from heat, matter comes from space, spirit comes from infinity, but where does vita come from? Vita comes from all these. Vita is in the atmosphere. Vita comes from material and spiritual conditions in the atmosphere. It is in our atmosphere, and shows and demonstrates its presence there. But where does atmosphere itself come from, and what is atmosphere? Comets and other new born worlds have no atmosphere. The space around them is filled with smoke in which there is no form of life; consequently new planets have no vegetable, animal, or human life upon them; but gradually as they cool off, atmosphere begins. And the sun, shining on the planet for ages, gradually fertilizes its surface, and the finer particles of its floating vitalized matter, uniting with a living, active spirit, from vita. This vita is composed of the finest essence of matter and most active spirit. Thus vita is formed, and we have a living atmosphere. Here is the source of vita; here life begins. And as this vita or vital atmosphere is at first low in grade and weak in power, so only the lower and evanescent forms of life appear. But as time rolls on and matter becomes more refined and spirit more active, and as they both increase in the atmosphere and make a better atmosphere, vita accumulates and increases in power so that other and higher forms of life appear. And when the atmosphere becomes sufficiently full of vita, then the breathing animals begin to live on the planet. They come into existence and begin from force of circumstances and fitness of conditions that is as sure to produce that result as heat is sure to make smoke go up, or as gravitation is to make water go down. Here is the fulness and absolute power of nature in active force, producing the higher forms of life, and is still acting; and thus the great work of creation goes on and ever on throughout the endless cycles of eternity. And as the atmosphere becomes more pure, and vita becomes more powerful, the higher forms of living beings now on earth will certainly become perfect and perpetuated, and become immortal and live forever!

This doctrine is not strange, only because it is new. It is altogether possible and highly probable that all this will come to pass. Indeed we may expect it from the very nature of things and laws of life, and its continued progress to ultimate perfection. There can be no step in nature short of its full success. Life is eternal, and therefore the highest and last-created beings must continue that life and live forever. Nature must either keep on creating or else maintain and preserve its last creation throughout all eternity. There can be no blank in nature; and as the perfected human is the highest and last creation, he must live forever. The perfected creation must live; it is only imperfection that dies and decays.

But first we will explain and show the source and production of vita visible to our eyes. You know that there is heat in the air, and that this heat from sunshine can be collected and concentrated on a combustible substance and set it on fire. Then, also, this vita can be collected from the atmosphere in such quantity that it can be heard, and seen, and felt, and thus demonstrate to you in tangible form the presence and power of vita. Heat, as I told you, comes from sunshine, but vita is in the atmosphere, all around us. Vita is always present to support your life, in sunshine and in shade, day and night, and will do so forever, just as soon as conditions are right. Vita is increasing in the atmosphere, and can even now be collected and concentrated by a simple process, with revolving glass plate, as in our electrical machine, for a generator. Vita can be collected from the atmosphere so that you can see, and hear, and feel it; it can be shown to you in streams of living light, demonstrating to you that vita is in the air and can be collected and used. Nature produces the visible manifestations of vita on the grandest scale and sublimest power, as seen in the vivid lightning's flash and gorgeous aurora borealis. Nature and science work together. We have learned sure ways of collecting and concentrating vita and employing it in the cure of disease and prolongation of human life, and that, too, without the use of instruments or any expense whatever. And we teach these grand, successful processes to our students without charge, because we consider the knowledge of vita and its powers and uses which we impart to our faithful students, as being absolutely above all price. Vita comes from the atmosphere; and that it is in the atmosphere is fully proved by its visible manifestations there.

It being in the atmosphere, we can collect and use it, and thus preserve life and live forever. Man being the highest and last form of organized life, the perfected man must therefore live forever, and he must live as now with all his parts, or he would not be man. The perfect man is composed of both matter and spirit, both body and soul, and can only be complete with all his

parts complete together. Vita, the all-sustaining power of nature and pabulum of life, is composed of both matter and spirit, and will therefore sustain and preserve all parts of the perfected man, who is composed of both matter and spirit, body and soul together. Vita cannot die less. It must preserve its last and highest production, or its work would not be complete. Immortal life must include the entire life of the being in all his parts and powers. The perfect man will therefore live forever in body and soul; indeed from the very nature of things there can be no other everlasting life but that which includes the whole perfect and complete man. Matter must be there to furnish form, for without form there can be no organization; and spirit must be there to give sensation. Both matter and spirit must be there to make the living, sentient being; and vita must be there to sustain and preserve that living being, and make him immortal in all his parts and powers.

I need not offer further argument to prove that all this will surely come to pass in its proper time. All else has come, and this must come too; indeed it cannot be otherwise. It will be the certain ending of a certain work already begun, and you might as well think to stop eternity in its ceaseless rounds and roll back its eternal years to think that nature will stop in its eternal work until it has perfected all its labors and productions, and reached its eternal fulfillment and absolute success. There was a time when there was no fire, or heat, or light on the earth; mankind lived without it then as animals do now; before it was produced no one would have thought it possible. But heat and light have come and can be kept up continually. There was a time when there was no human life upon the earth; but it has come, and here it is, and to produce is certainly greater than to preserve. The power that produced a thing can certainly preserve it. Human life has come, and as it has come it will be continued, perfected, and made immortal.

We now have heat, motion, light, sensation, and life, being the highest and last, must therefore be immortal, for as sure as the past has come the future will be. Immortality is therefore sure to come and be, indeed in us already come; immortality is already here; its ripe day of perpetual life begins to dawn. Already life is here; already vita comes in sufficient power to sustain and preserve all perfect life forever. All we have to do is to study the laws of life, learn the power of vita, apply it to our perfection, and live forever—body and soul. This we are learning to do and teaching others. All things else have succeeded and proved more successful than was at first expected, and so will this. When we look back to the short time ago when our earth was a barren orb, with no atmosphere, no vita in space around it, and no life upon it, and behold it now, teeming with vegetable, animal and human life. And now man has become so intelligent that he can learn and comprehend all things, and so powerful that he can control the elements, employ steam, harness lightning, overcome time and space and gravitation; light the world, turn darkness into day, stop the pestilence, cure disease and prevent death. All this has been done and is being now accomplished; and the rest is sure to come. Yes, it is here; immortality is at hand. People have only to get ready and prepare themselves to enjoy its full fruition. If people will not look for it they cannot expect to find it. But if people prepare themselves by getting good, healthy bodies and well informed minds and souls, vita will come in all its power, and will be as certain to preserve their lives forever as that they live now.

Vita shall spread where'er the sun
Does his successive journey run,
And heat the sick from shore to shore,
Till men shall live to die no more.

That vita is fast increasing in our atmosphere and will soon be in sufficient quantity to support the higher forms of human life here forever, is fully evidenced by the fast increasing and more brilliant phenomena of northern lights or aurora borealis, showing that the whole sky will soon become luminous and keep so continually, dispelling darkness forever. Then, indeed, there will be no night. Light will prevent darkness and life will prevent death. You know that light will overcome darkness and you can as easily know that life will overcome death. Both are sure to come to pass; yes, both are coming now. At the morning of creation all was darkness; now we have light more than half the time, and soon will have it all the time. In the early creation there was no immortality of the soul, but now there is, and soon will be immortality of the body also, as one has come and the other is sure to follow; and thus soul and body both will be immortal and live forever. The morning of perpetual light and life is now dawning, and its full effulgence will soon be here. Prepare yourselves for it.

You are now, as you sit here in this crowded assembly, surrounded by a living atmosphere of vita, which, if your inner sight was clear, you could see in streams of living light, brighter than the noon-day sun; and you can now feel it as it is thrown in power upon you. This power properly applied will cure your disease, enlighten your minds, and prepare you to live that higher and continuous life.

Cheer up, my dependent fellow beings; there is a better day coming for earth's inhabitants, and it may reach some of you, and at any time, you all can be benefited in your lives here by learning to use and enjoy this vita here and now! I have studied its lessons and learned its power, and can impart it to others. The grand Vitapathic system, which we teach, explains the nature and power of vita, and its full uses in the cure of diseases and prevention of death—all ending in immortality here on earth.

Two things ought to be the object of our fear, the envy of friends, and the hatred of our enemies.—Blair.

Those who educate children well, are more to be honored than they who produce them, for these only gave them life, those the art of living well.—Aristotle.

Such as give ear to slanderers, are none than slanderers themselves.—Domitian.

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THE BETTER WAY.

BY WARREN CHASE.

It is strange with what tenacity our friends, who had an early theological education, hold on to the ancient fables and false theology about a golden age in which God dealt directly with his chosen people which were far behind other nations in all that pertains to enlightened and civilized life. Even brother Peabody, who has been around the world, talks of the golden age of Abraham, when the earth blossomed in richness with its abundant fruit, and yet poor old Abraham, with God's help, could not get food without going and applying to the heathen.

Geology as plainly teaches the steady and uniform development of the flora and fauna, as astronomy does the spherical form and diurnal motion of our earth, and we can already trace nearly all of our fruits back to the unpalatable origin, and not go far back in history; and we can also trace our flowers to very insignificant origin.

The truth is that man corresponded to the conditions which were such that no such sensitive and refined mortals could have existed in the age of the saurians and mastodons, and no such flora and fauna as we now have, and no such spiritual conditions and nearness of the two worlds could have existed then.

The old fable about righteous Noah and his ark built before the metallic age, and when no tools but those of stone, if even then were invented, and only pitch and earth to put his old logs together with, and with God's help they built a building or ship more than twenty times the size of the Great Eastern, if it held all the animals as reported. A miracle indeed. How often our bible Spiritualists refer to the handwriting on the wall in the old drunken king's tent, and yet there is not a scrap of history to show who saw it, and took down the words written, of course, if at all, in Sanscrit, the only language used then.

The only instance of God visiting such a place; but now we have thousands of instances of spirit writing, independently of mortal hands, and in good company, and with abundance of the best testimony, and yet the same will cling to these old stories and reject the new. The voice that spoke to Balaam, which he thought was his beast, is in hundreds of instances now far surpassed, and what need can there be of these old unauthenticated fables.

Elisha's bears and Daniel's lions are of no use, neither are the stories of righteous Lot and his family, the only good people in the city doomed for its wickedness, which could not equal our Sodom or New York for iniquity, and yet God spares them. For myself I prefer the events that transpire now, of which we have abundance well authenticated. Of the ancient, if authentic, a majority are cruel and wicked, and far surpass any of our time, and I cannot accept the good and reject the bad, as both stand on equal authority, which to me is not good for either. I have evidence of spirit intercourse now, and in our day.

CORDELL, L.L., Oct. 4, '88

SPIRITUALIST LECTURERS.

Mrs. N. Andross, Delton, Wis.
Mrs. R. Augusta Anthony, Abilene, Mich.
Mrs. M. C. Allen, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. H. Andrews, M. D., Cedar Rapids, Ia.
C. Fannie Allen, Stoneham, Mass.
James Madison Allen, Peoria, Ill.
Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Colerain, Mass.
Mrs. E. H. Britten, Chestnut Hill, Manchester, Eng.
Mrs. L. W. Scott Briggs, 18 Alken street, Utica, N. Y.
Bishop A. Beas, 86 State street, Albany, N. Y.
Miss L. E. Bailey, 50 Bank st., Trenton, N. J.
Mrs. Abby N. Barnham, 50 Appleton st., Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Emma J. Bullene, Denver, Col.
Miss Lizzie D. Bailey, Louisville, Ky.
Miss L. Barnicot, 175 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.
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NOW READY,
FRESH FROM THE PRESS.

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

Other Tales & Sketches.
BY A BAND OF SPIRIT INTELLIGENCES,
THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MISS M. T. SHELHAMER.

And Love shall wipe all tears from their eyes; and the faces of the dead shall glow radiant in the light of Eternal Dawn; the weary-hearted shall find rest; and the heavily-laden shall drop their burdens; for the Land of the Blest overflows with boundless mercies for all who enter therein.

This new volume consists of two parts: the first containing a series of articles by Spirit Benefice, entitled "Thoughts from a Spirit's Standpoint," on subjects of deep importance, which all thinking minds would do well to read and reflect upon. Also, the personal history of a spirit, entitled "Outside the Gates," in which the narrator graphically depicts her progress in spirit-life from a state of unhappiness outside the heavenly gates to one of peace in the "Sunshine Land"—developing on the way stories of individual lives and experiences as well as descriptions of the conditions and abodes of the spirit-world. This portion of the volume concludes with a personal narrative of "What I found in Spirit-life"—by Spirit Sues—a pure and simple relation of the life pursued by a gentle soul in her home beyond the veil.

Part second of this interesting book opens with "Morna's Story," five installments—an autobiographical narrative. This remarkable history has never before appeared in print. It treats of life, states, government, schools, art, language, training, locomotion, food and nutrition, in worlds beyond. "Morna's Story" also tells of transitions from world to world, of sacred councils in the spiritual kingdom, and of the high development of mediumship in such a state, giving much information on important subjects to those who read. We also have here those interesting stories of several chapters each, "Here and Beyond" and "Slippery Places," which "Morna" has given to the world through the columns of the Banner of Light; and the book concludes with a new story of sixteen chapters, which that interesting spirit presents to the public for the first time, entitled "The Blind Clairvoyant, or, A Tale of Two Worlds." Those who have read the serials emanating from the mind of "Morna" through the pen of Miss Shelhamer, need not be told what treat they have in store in the perusal of this production.

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Dorcas.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Through the Mediumship of HELEN MARE CARROLL, Washington, D. C., by the Controlling Spirit, King Henry VIII.

1.

I am Herbert Wright; my father is Ben Wright, and my mother is Annie Wright. I passed over when a little child two years old and have been gone sixteen years. Father and mother live in Reisterstown, and it is that I want so much to have them know that I'm happy. Papa-on Rodgers comes with me. I have seen Bessie and Roger, and Grace and Florence are both well. Dear Mother, give my love to auntie Brown and uncle Edgar, and tell aunt Mary that Winnie will never forget her. Once more, I am happy, learning and growing a large boy. I love all so much.

2.

I am A. L. Putnam, and I come with great joy to my Pyll. Dearest, do you remember the journey we took when I met a gentleman belonging to the old English at Lee? Pyll; give my love to the dear one living in this city. Your mother and aunt both come with me. Darling wife, your sufferings are about over. Do you still remember La Fete de Gondolier? Darling, take more interest in human affairs, and think of me often. Dr. At Lee desires to be remembered.

3.

I am Nancy Beeson, and wish to reach John, my husband. John dear, the Swede is good. Larooka will sing. George Peabody wants to congratulate you on your recent success. John dear, Madame lawyer B. L. would not use her best talents in that certain position, she is too much of a schemer. John dear, I come to you always and so does old Penn. Ogharita is another little Indian who has cause to remember you kindly. John dear, the matter will get in certain. I meet very nice spirits here.

4.

I am Margaret Swann, and want to reach William Swann of Raleigh, North Carolina. William darling, try your best to get up a circle at Wilmington. Mrs. S. A. M. is a good medium. Besides all this, they want you farther south, at Milledgeville. Now dear William, strengthen them in proportion as you were strengthened at Look-out. Now be faithful, be earnest, and be vigilant.

5.

I am Hama Chryshita Ovezro, one of the Sun Order of Light. I come to earth in behalf of a brother C. F. C. T. She whom thou lovest would commune with thee. She of the white robes. Mica, plumbum, and silica, equally proportioned, would constitute a mortar that would stand. Tell your brother that.

Thou and I will meet,
And happy hearts will greet;
Beyond this fleeting earth,
In realms of endless birth,
New hope and love will find.

Thou and I will joy,
And naught our bliss shall cloy;
Aye far beyond death's portal,
We'll soar to realms immortal,
And God in us shall reign.

Thou and I shall know,
And each shall bliss bestow;
Our work, our aim is one,
Yes, far beyond the sun,
Our lives shall grow sublime.

Note.—Mr. Editor, be kind enough to print this as I have given it, otherwise it would not be comprehensible to the mortal.

HENRY EIGHTH.

6.

I am Willie Phipps, and will send you a letter soon. That's so what I told Eva. Don't stop wetting hind your ears. I can't have no nothing done; Rosa, seems to me that you taken a long time to write. It aint no cancer, and you'll get well if you use the labender leaf. I'll write a long letter to you, and tell you all about him. It's all right Rosa.

Received through the Mediumship of Mrs. S. E. Caldwell.

JOURNEYING THROUGH THE SPHERES.

2.

I am a spirit that once resided in a southern state where I recklessly took my own life only to find that I had plunged myself into deeper misery than what I sought to escape from. As soon as I found myself out of the body I would have given worlds to be in it again, but it was of no use. I had by my own hand severed the cord that bound me to it. Oh, the days of agony; no one may know that I had not destroyed myself here. I waited long for some degree of comfort to come to me, for I saw many that were happy, and rejoicing in the change that had come to them by the natural process of dissolution. They had no self-reproach to contend with, while I, a self-murderer, was reaping the most agonizing sorrow. I remained in this state for a long, long time before the shadows began to grow less dense. My struggle to get out of the darkness which enfolded me, was unceasing, until a degree of respite came to me which I hailed as a harbinger of what awaited me by perseverance.

I am now comparatively happy, but it will be a long time yet before my brow is clear of sadness and regret.

I would like to proclaim to the whole world my condition upon entering here as a suicide, that it might deter others who are contemplating such a step, from the false idea that they are escaping the troubles of earth. They had better remain and face their four fold, aye, even ten fold than to seek, as they think, oblivion. There is no

such state in the hereafter; all must see their lives as they lived them, good or bad.

ALBERT TUNSTALL.

3.

My object in coming is to say to the world that in the future life all can be joy and peace if the mortal will only live right while upon earth. If he will forego all hurtful habits, such as adding himself to intoxicating drinks, tobacco, and unlawful indulgences of every kind, keeping mind and body pure, and free from everything that tends to debase him.

There need be no fear of the death of the body, which is only to release the spirit—if they have so lived. They will find no angry God to pronounce sentence upon them, in any case, for it will be well or ill with them according to the life they led upon earth; and themselves will be the judge. Therefore I say to all, live uprightly, deal with your fellow man as you would wish him to deal with you, exacting no more than is your due, giving where you see need—as far as your means will allow—speaking kindly to all, doing for the sick and helpless, be kind to the dumb brutes around you, and when you have done all of this, you will have done all that is required of you.

ELLEN WATSON.

Questions and Answers.

Q. We know a magnetic needle when suspended will point to the poles. Why? What is this magnetic current from pole to pole, and what influence has it on life?

A. The magnetic current, my child, is the building or re-creating element in the life force. You know of course that this force permeates the whole universe. The electro-magnetic subtle fluid, has surrounded the sun, and is the light thereof, and the heat, and the life giver. Hence, all within his circle, are held by his mighty attraction, as he is held by something infinitely higher and more magnetic. Behold in this, infinite wisdom, yea, the power of an almighty father. The magnetic needle partakes of this life force, and being attracted, points to its lodestone, figuratively speaking, which is the north star, reckoned so by earth's children. For to us, these no terms save relatively speaking. The rotary motion of the earth round the sun fixes the relative position of the magnetic needle.

HENRY TUDOR VIII.

Q. I read not long ago, that most lives went out with the tide. Is this so? If so, why? I know that man's greatest strength is before noon, and the weakest hour about 2 A. M. Can you explain to me what causes this alternate rise and fall of the ocean?

A. In certain portions of the earth's day, we have the inward and outward flowing of the magnetic or spiritual currents, therefore the tides have really no effect upon life and its forces, save in this sense, that at the time of their ebb and flow, the magna spiritus, or great magnetism, or spiritual essence, has its course, which accounts for the action of the tides.

Q. Do children still-born become conscious and grow up in spirit life?

A. My child, there is no such thing as a "still-born" infant. At the time of the conception of the physical child, the little spirit is brought and added thereto; hence no matter how soon after the physical child may be lost, the spirit child lives on forever. Oh, ye physicians, remember this, and have a care how you aid in the destruction of unwelcomed life. Murder will be upon your soul, whether the child be conceived three months or three days.

Humanity's friend,

HENRY TUDOR VIII.

St. Louis, Oct. 15, 1888.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

If intelligence existed before matter, which was first, the hen or the egg?

Yours, A. TRUTH.

Answer.—Whichever the protoplasm for these creations was originally adapted to produce. We presume evolution proceeded through the egg to the chicken, but our correspondent may take his choice.

A Mystery.

I was one of the lady nurses who volunteered for the hospitals during the civil war between North and South. We were used to scenes of pain and suffering at the Washington Hospital and could look on ghastly wounds and faces on which the mortal agony inflicted by the surgeon's probe and knife was painted without blenching or apparent emotion. But when gallant Harry Delmont was brought in from the "front," with a hideous hole in his manly breast, such as only a minnie ball could make, a great hush of sorrow and dismay fell upon us all. And when the surgeon's solemn words, "He cannot live three days," fell upon our ears the hush was broken by the sobs of strong men, as well as by the quiet weeping of the female nurses, for all of us loved the young Captain as a brother.

We hovered about his cot throughout the day; and when night came it was agreed that one of us should have the special duty of watching beside it through the night, for fear that he should awaken from the lethargy which seemed the prelude of approaching death, to ask for something the steward could not obtain. And then I pleaded for the privilege, and after some demur it was accorded me.

"Watch him very closely," said the surgeon to me as I took my seat for the vigil beside the cot of our favorite; "for at any moment he is liable to come out

of the coma, and he may be wandering."

But I was very tired and about midnight, do what I would, I could not keep my eyes from closing in a half-unconscious reverie, which, after a time, merged into a fitful slumber. And very soon occurred the mystery of which it is my present task to tell.

A bright dream of the "Northern home so far away" was flitting through my brain, when suddenly I seemed to be impressed with some presence, that held my body in a thrall, while my senses became preternaturally acute. Opening my eyes at last, I gazed toward the couch of the wounded Captain; and by his side, with one hand clasped in hers, I saw the figure of a young and beautiful lady, whose eyes were gazing down to his, with such a look of pitying tenderness that I felt sure at once she was his sweetheart.

I wondered much, however, how she came there in the hospital at that hour of the night, when visitors had never been admitted after sundown. And I knew Dr. Vance, the surgeon in charge, had his own brother dying in that place, and his father and mother come to see him, would never have admitted even them only at regular hours.

I was so excited in mind that I was just opening my lips to question the strange visitor, when I saw the steward with a light moving along the lower end of the ward in such a way as to bring our visitor between the light and me; and then my heart stood still. The lamp the steward carried I could still see shining, and I was looking through the form of the lady who stood by my patient's bedside.

I gazed in awe upon the apparition for a few brief seconds; and then a torpor overcame me, and I knew no more until the steward roughly shook my arm and bade me to awake, for Capt. Delmont was no longer lethargic but delirious. But when I looked upon his clear, calm eye, I told the steward he was not delirious.

"Is Nellie here?" he faintly asked, as I bent over him.

I did not question who "Nellie" was, for I was certain I had seen her semblance, and I answered, calmly: "Nellie has been here, Capt. Delmont, but she is not here now."

"I wish you would call her again, Mrs. Ennis, for I wish to speak with her."

"Did you speak with her when she was here?" I asked, heeding not the steward's great amazement.

"No," he answered, simply. "I tried to speak, but somehow I could not utter a word. I suppose that I was then too weak."

"Was she your affianced wife?" I asked.

"Not when I joined the army. We had been engaged once; but she broke off the engagement because—" here his voice faltered—"because I was too poor. But I know she loves me."

"She does," I said, "I could see it beaming in her eyes."

"If she is here to nurse me," he exclaimed, "I surely shall recover! Oh, call her now, dear Mrs. Ennis—I must have the assurance from her own lips."

But I persuaded him to wait till morning. Morning came, and the surgeon, after a hasty examination, said the Captain was much better, and that a chance of life was won. As soon as he was gone I turned again to my patient, who only murmured, "Nellie."

"Capt. Delmont," I said, calmly, "Nellie is not here."

"Not here!" he cried, clutching my hand. "Not here! Why, I saw her last night. She has not gone away again and left me here to die alone?"

"No, Capt. Delmont; but she has not yet been here—not in the flesh."

"Mrs. Ennis, am I mad, or are you? For I plainly saw her, and you said you saw her, yet you say she has not been here."

"Yes, I saw her," I replied, "and she was standing by your cot, and in her hand she held your own. But, Capt. Delmont, through her form I saw the candle carried by the steward, half a dozen cots away."

He turned his face to the wall, and then I trembled for the effect I feared my words would have. But when he turned his face again I saw my fear was groundless.

"I called her," he said, earnestly, "and though five hundred miles away she heard me and came to me. God bless her!"

And for all the surgeon's prophecy he rapidly began to mend. Days glided by and he grew convalescent.

Two weeks later, going out one day, I met a lady going in; and it needed but one glance to tell me who she was. She stared at me, apparently bewildered. I went up to her, and took her hand.

"This is Capt. Delmont's 'Nellie'!" I exclaimed.

She looked frightened. I saw that she grew pale. I guided her to Capt. Delmont's cot, and when we reached it, and she beheld the surroundings, her face grew paler still.

"Why, this is the very place I dreamed of seeing two weeks ago! And you are the nurse I saw sitting by his cot," she gasped, rather than spoke.

I did not reply. Harry Delmont had clasped her to his breast, and I very quietly withdrew.

Of course, the story ends with happiness and marriage, as is usual; but the appearance by my patient's cot I fear will never be explained. It is a question for psychologists to settle or discuss.

If rich, be not elated; if poor, be not dejected.—Socrates.

He is richest who is contented with least, for content is the wealth of nature.—Socrates.

It is better to suffer the worst at once, than to live in perpetual fear of it.—Julius Caesar.

Think not those faithful who praise all thy works and actions, but those who reprove thy faults.—Socrates.

He is happy who is cheerful, though possessing little; he is unhappy who is troubled amidst much wealth.—Democritus.

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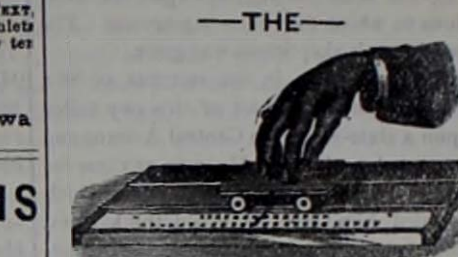
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L. BARNEY, EDITOR.

CINCINNATI, OCTOBER 20, 1888.

EXPOSURE OF SLATE-WRITING.

Talk about exposures of slate-writing mediums in Cincinnati is loud just now. A remarkable individual proposes to tell how independent slate-writing is done, and prove it to be fraudulent at the same time, in one of our local newspapers. This is kind. Knowing something about independent slate-writing ourselves, however, it may be in order to present to this learned person three or four problems, and respectfully request a solution. If he cannot solve them he will perhaps admit that some slate-writing is the genuine work of spirits.

A few years ago a gentleman in Covington, who was very skeptical on the subject—we have his address—concluded to fix up a scheme which would entrap the (then) best known medium in Cincinnati, and he gave his whole mind to it for several days. He managed to draw up a list of questions, twenty in all, of an unusual kind, upon paper strips of uniform size, which he numbered consecutively and carried to the medium. The questions were folded. The lady took them, rolled them into a ball between her palms, placed them in the double slate and requested her sifter to assist in holding it. He distinctly heard the writing and felt the vibration of the slate. In less than ten minutes there was a "tap-tap-tap," indicating that the answer was ready, and there upon the slate were twenty replies, numbered consecutively to correspond with the numbers upon the questions to which they were a response! The gentleman's skepticism was gone.

One afternoon in the summer of '86 a well-known gentleman of this city called upon a slate-writer on Central Avenue and requested a sitting. He was anxious for information upon a business matter which troubled him, and he could think of no other way to obtain it. A message came, but it did not fit the case. Another, with same result. Still another, which was unsatisfactory. The medium said to the sifter, "There are conditions here which I do not understand. Please take this slate and wash it clean as possible, and we will try again." He did as requested. "Now," said the medium, "I will do something different from the ordinary. You take one corner of the slate in your hand, I will hold another corner, and we will reach it out of the window into the sun light." This they did, and immediately a message was written. It was the message the gentleman wanted, and we have his testimony that it saved him a considerable sum of money.

In a public slate-writing seance held at Grand Army Hall, some fifteen months since, a sifter had a remarkable experience. He had purchased two slates, written a question to be answered upon each, placed the questions inside and screwed the slates together. One of the questions was addressed to his wife; the other to his father. It was an occasion when a great many slates were carried, and there were scores of anxious people clamorous for attention; so this man had about concluded that he would get nothing. Finally the medium took the slates, and while she held one her elbow rested upon the other. It happened that but one was held. Upon opening it no writing was found, and the sifter went home disappointed. But he concluded to open the other slate, and there found a most beautiful, complete and encouraging reply to the question contained in the slate that was held! The message was sufficiently impressive to convert a drunkard into a sober and industrious citizen, which was really its effect.

We learn that this exposing individual has sharp ideas about changing slates when the sifter is not looking, writing performed by the medium with a tiny pencil held by the finger nail, and other stale sloppiness of a similar brand. These notions are outworn; but possibly some credulous people will be tangled by them. We have a good friend whom one of them troubled till he resolved to test the matter for himself. He purchased a large double slate, wrote a long message upon it, addressed to himself, but purporting to come from a spirit, placed a small pencil inside, wrapped the slate securely with cord, and sealed it by using a large quantity of wax. He carried it to a medium who was an utter stranger. After sitting a few moments, the completion of a message was announced. He unsealed the package, and there was a message indeed, written crosswise of his with a red pigment; and it was as follows:

"Dear Brother: You are a spirit in 'almost the same sense that I am, and it is your privilege to write spirit messages, 'if you write for a good purpose. But you 'have written here to deceive and mislead. 'How can you expect to be led aright, if 'you seek to lead others in the wrong 'way? Deception by mortals is not less 'wrong than by spirits, and that which 'you offer is very likely to be repaid in 'kind. It is not necessary for you to believe implicitly in order to obtain information from the spirit side, but do not 'surrender all your mind to doubt. We 'have that to impart which may do you 'good. Your brother, J. M. H.'"

How did the red pigment get into the

slate? He could not explain. And this was not his brother's writing and style of expression. His own message was left undisturbed, and when the medium asked him what it was, he was ashamed and declined to read or discuss it. But he has preserved this original record, surrendered his skepticism, tried the spirits a good deal, and become a fair-minded and liberal man.

We are acquainted with a medium who frequently obtains independent slate-writing without the least personal contact with the slate. The sifter may hold it, to the exclusion of all others, and obtain messages; but the best results have been obtained by calling in a child from the streets and giving the slate to him or her to hold, with or without assistance from the sifter. In considerable audience, where slates are carried by investigators, this medium invites the selection of a person by those present to hold the slate. It is placed upon his head and he is told to walk away from the medium till directed to stop. At the proper signal he returns, delivers the slate to the owner, and a message is always the result. Some of these are startling indeed, and all convey satisfactory information.

It is easy to fill every column of this paper with such instances, but to what purpose shall we multiply them? So far as this exposing individual is concerned, the case is doubtless already prejudged. So far as the journal which proposes to print the "expose" is interested, it is doubtful if the managers care whether the narrative is true or false, if it is sufficiently "sensational." Somebody, whether writer, publisher, or another, we cannot say, knows it is in the direction of very dirty persecution, and it is liable to embody some things for which proof will be persistently called for by those who have a right to make the demand. Perhaps it will be well to provide in advance for such an emergency. Hints at things which this writer proposes to say are already rumored. If he is correctly reported, it will be more healthy for himself and truth to leave them unsaid.

There is yet another point this self-appointed crusader proposes to accomplish. He is "right smart" excited, and is going to have—a law—passed—to—prevent—mediums—from—following—their—vocation—in—the—State—of—Ohio! He has already drawn up a bill and elicited a promise from Hon. Tompkins that he will introduce it at the forthcoming session of the legislature. But Tompkins will not do it, all the same, if he takes intelligent advice, for such a law would be as unconstitutional as one indicating what kind of bodily food a man shall eat, and from what abstain; and the poor-spirited devil who bethought himself of such an expedient to "get even" with a medium who refused to do his bidding, will do well to get some idea of the purpose of laws before he goes extensively into their manufacture. They are not enacted to serve personal revenge, nor to sustain individual prejudice, nor as a balm for a grudge; but are designed for the public good—the greatest good to the greatest number. This is a grand point to bear in mind, and it will be profitable to bear in mind that Spiritualism has more adherents than any sect of orthodox religion in the wide world, and more friends than all the creeds combined. Some of these will be in the Ohio legislature, and their voices will be promptly heard in protest against any attempted injustice.

It is not an age in which the people will consent to turn backward the indicator upon the dial plate of progress—progress which began with an eminent spirit medium near two thousand years ago. It did not begin in regard to burdensome enactments. Our readers will recall an instructive incident at the Pool of Bethesda. Jesus of Nazareth found one Sabbath day, at the edge of this pool, a leper upon his rug—a pitiful object, one of the weakest of the weak, who had been helpless no less than thirty-eight years. Over this man Jesus paused and said: "Wilt thou be made whole?" The poor leper replied, "Rabbi, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool; but while I am coming another steppeeth down before me." Jesus said, "Rise; take up thy bed and walk." New life leaped into the poor man's limbs. Rising from the ground he folded up his quilt, taking it upon his arm to go away; but some of the Pharisees, seeing him get up and roll his bed into a coil, ran towards him, crying, "It is the Sabbath day; it is not lawful for thee to carry thy bed."

Like every other virtue of his race, the Jew has Jebased his Sabbath virtue into vice. The Sabbath had been given to man as a blessing; the Pharisee made of it a curse. Proud of this gift of God to his fathers, he fenced it about with edicts, toyed with it, made an idol of it, set it above every other rite, until the mere ritual observance came to occupy in his heart the place of all virtue. When the Jews came crowding about the poor cripple (now made whole) and shouted to him that he must not lift his rug and go home because it was the Sabbath, he answered that he who had cured him had also told him to take up his bed and walk. These facts were as strange as independent slate-writing to day, and they must be looked into. A man had cured this ancient cripple by a word, and the very same man had practically told him to break the law! The Jews questioned him sharply as to what sort of a man it was who had done this thing, but he could not tell them, his physician having gone away. Some hours later Jesus met

him in the Temple court and said to him, "Behold, thou art made whole. Sin no more, lest a worse thing befall thee." The cripple now heard from those about him that the medium was called Jesus of Nazareth, and he forthwith told the Pharisees where they might find him. These Jews would have killed Jesus had they dared, because he had broken their Sabbath day, and, to escape their fury, he returned into the lake country of Galilee.

Why did he disregard this law of the Jews? Plainly, that he might bring his followers to a sense of its degrading spirit. When he came back into the lake country, he walked out on the Seventh day into the plain of Gennesareth, and some of his disciples, being hungry, plucked the full ears of corn, rolled them between their palms and ate the grains. Some Pharisees (raiders) who followed him about to watch his doings and accuse him in the synagogue, said, "Why do you that which is unlawful on the Sabbath day?" Jesus answered them from their sacred books—That David, being hungry, went into the Temple and ate of the shew-bread, which only the priests were permitted to touch; also that the priests made fires, slew rams and doves, and even baked bread for the Temple, guiltless of any sin. And then he delivered to them a new truth: "THE SABBATH IS MADE FOR MAN, NOT MAN FOR THE SABBATH."

Another Seventh day, on going into the synagogue of Capernaum, he noticed a man with a palsied hand; and some of the Pharisees, closing round him, put the question whether it was lawful to heal on the Sabbath day. Jesus replied, "What man is there among you that shall have one sheep, and, if it fall into a pit on the Sabbath day, will not lay hold and pull it out? How much better then is a man than a sheep?" He bade the palsied man stretch forth his arm, and then he gave to mankind a new and true law of Sabbath observance, new to the ignorant multitude then as it is now—subduing the external form to the diviner spirit—"IT IS LAWFUL TO DO GOOD ON THE SABBATH DAY." These were the words of the great medium whom Christians profess to worship, but whose teachings they notoriously disregard. Lessons gathered from the works and words of Jesus are good enough for Spiritualists, however, and they have no fears that laws directly contravening these lessons can be enacted in a age of light. They cannot be constitutionally enacted in any State of the American Union, and those who make the attempt will cover themselves with anything but glory. Mediumship is the Promised Gift to "them that believe." "In my name shall they 'cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and 'if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the 'sick, and they shall recover." We trust all good Christians have faith in this Gift. If they have, they believe in mediumship most thoroughly.

It is frequently discouraging to those, who, after a long series of years, have worked faithfully to better the condition of humanity, to find in their last days how easily this work may be undone by one who has brain enough but not patience to digest a business and stay the leisure of a second thought; or by one who is never active in anything which does not contemplate harm to others, and who regards the deepest villainies simply as problems to work out for the assurance of distinguished success; or, lastly, by one who ascribes all honesty to the unsophisticated character of those who practice it, and relegates conscience to fools and children. No honest man has ever yet made a raid upon Spiritualism or a spirit medium, for no honest man will attack that which he has not honestly investigated. Fair investigation of Spiritualism and its worthy mediums never fails to stamp them with the signet of truth, and invoke in their behalf the choicest blessings of intelligently enfranchised humanity.

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And everybody will receive an acceptable present, available for use or ornament. TICKETS, fifty cents each.

He that licks honey from thorns pays too dear for it. Some people are never content with their lot. Clouds and darkness are over their heads. To them every incident is an accident, and every accident a calamity.

There are many doublings in the human heart; do not think you can find out the whole of a man's real character at once, unless he be a fool.

Voltaire's saying, in answer to a stranger, who was observing how tall his trees grew, "that they had nothing else to do" was a quaint mixture of wit and humor.

FREE LANCE.

Spirit Identity.
To the Editor of The Better Way.

It seems to me very strange that spirits should so dislike to give tests of their identity to personal friends. I can understand how a man, yet in earth-life, on leaving his friends for a few months, would be surprised, incredulous, and finally angry, should they disclaim, on his return, all knowledge of his identity. But how can this apply to a disembodied spirit?

Suppose, for instance, Mr. Ingersoll should pass to spirit life—a man who disbelieves in spirit return, and even denies the immortality of the soul, and who has all his life taught and imbued his family with this doctrine—materialism. I say suppose he were to die, and after months or years, should find himself able to return and communicate to his family, through some medium, his heart filled with an intense and unutterable longing to unfold the work of his life, and convince his sorrowing loved ones that he still lived, that the spirit is immortal. Would he be likely to strut off sullen and indignant because those loved ones refused to believe anything so foreign to his and their lifelong convictions, without some convincing test? I think not. The idea is preposterous. Most of the spirits, on quitting this life, were themselves unbelievers in spirit return; how then can they take offense if some dear friend, to whom they purport to come with a message, asks a more convincing test of their identity? It looks to me very much like this idea (that it angers spirits for their friends to ask tests of them) has been started and promulgated by fraudulent, so-called, mediums, who can not give tests, and has gradually been accepted as the truth. But its very unreasonableness must be apparent to any one who has given the matter a serious thought.

No spirit, in my opinion, who earnestly desired to communicate with earthly friends, would object to doing any thing possible to convince those friends of its identity. Nay, I can imagine that no patience nor perseverance would seem too great on the part of the spirit, in his efforts to convince his sincere, but incredulous earth-friends that they do return and communicate.

The dictates of the human heart, especially when prompted by love, are generally correct. Suppose a fond mother were to come to a medium to be placed in communication with her loved boy, who, during his life, had been kind, loving and obedient, and fearing lest she might be deceived, and that the message given her by the medium might not have come from her darling child, she asks for a convincing test of his identity, and is told by the medium that spirits get angry and refuse to answer when tests are required of them. How quietly she would reply:

"Oh, no; my Charlie would never get angry at me for that!"

Her own heart tells her better. I am aware that even disembodied spirits are not omnipotent. Their power of communication is limited by some law of which we are yet ignorant. But my opinion is, that when messages are given, which are lengthy enough to contain information that would be entirely convincing, but which contain nothing that is satisfactory, those messages are either a product of the medium's own brain, or are communicated by other spirits than those from whom they purport to come. At any rate this idea that it makes spirits angry for their friends to ask tests of their identity is an unreasonable one, and ought to be discarded from the philosophy of Spiritualism, and the sooner this is done the better for the cause.

Any one asking for a communication from a departed loved one, and getting a puerile, nonsensical message, containing neither information nor good sense, will very naturally go home disgusted, and conclude that Spiritualism is a humbug, that the message given was an emanation from the so-called medium's own brain, and that the dollar given was all that he cared for, and might have been spent to better advantage—and who can blame him? This is what makes Spiritualism odious.

Let Spiritualists ask of every spirit that approaches for communication, a good reasonable test, of the personal identity, and not have anything to do with it unless this can be given, and it will do more to build up the cause than anything else, as all frauds, both in this and the spirit world, will have to retire from the business; and when this is done Spiritualists will find that all spirits who refuse to give tests of their identity are only the spirits of the fraudulent mediums themselves.

Now, I wager that the worse the fraud, the harder he will denounce this article, which I throw out as a fire-brand in his midst.

S. T. SUDDICK.

Seizing the Opportunity.

One of the most prominent financiers in the Southern States found himself penniless and an invalid at the close of our civil war.

His business had been solely the manipulation of money and neither he nor his neighbors had now any money to manipulate. His wife and three children looked to him for their support. What should he do to provide them with bread? He would gladly have taken position as a clerk, but nobody wanted his service.

He still owned a few acres of sterile land on which once grew a wild plant with a seed-pod of pungent flavor from which the negroes expressed the juice to be used as a sauce on their master's table.

Colonel M., in his perplexity, remembered this sauce. He visited the old patch and found one bush yet standing. From the pods he distilled juice enough to fill a small bottle with sauce; and this he carried as a sample to the chief caterers and grocers in New Orleans, and took orders for the next season. The seeds were planted. Then followed two or three years of anxiety and hard work; and then came success.

The sauce has its place now on tables in every part of the land.

Success in life often lies hid in trifles; but the keen eye, the ready wit, and, above all, patient, tireless labor, are needed to bring it from its hiding-place. The secret of the steam engine was within every tea kettle for thousands of years. But only one man had the vision to see the hidden agent and the skill to set it free.

Written for The Better Way.

Sympathy. (7)

This is a subject that has been written upon and talked of and thought about till it is like a piece of stale bread, and the sooner it is fed to the dogs and lost sight of the better for us.

At this progressive period when every true man and woman is or should be thrown upon their own resources for spirituality and comfort, it seems weak and childish for one to ask or expect sympathy from another. Even though we may be sorely tried with afflictions, it is surely selfish to wish others to take on our suffering condition, and the darker our gloom the more selfish we are to ask or to expect others to share it with us. From time immemorial we have schooled ourselves to think that sympathy was a priceless boon, or, in other words, that our friends should willingly come forward and help to bear our burdens and tender their soft honied words, when, perhaps, a sharp rebuke and a little sensible advice would shame our cowardice and urge us up out of the mire we have brought ourselves into by our own inconsistencies and thoughtlessness.

What do we need of others' sympathy? How can they know how much sympathy is required to heal our wounds—if healed they can be? Our lives are so colored by selfishness that another knows nothing of the motive that impels us to action; therefore they can only say: "I am extremely sorry for your suffering, as I see it portrayed in your countenance and your bowed form," and so forth, while oftentimes they tell that "We are glad you have been brought to a stand still, where you can see and think, realizing that it is what you need most for your soul development, and you must not ask or expect that others will waste their own precious time in helping you out of trouble that nature's violated law has brought you, and through which your sins will be washed away."

We must work out our own salvation, and one that is constantly begging for sympathy is a mere hanger-on and a selfish coward.

We are all apt to think our burdens the heaviest to be borne, but what if they are? Can another share them? Ought they to share them? If our lot is the hardest to battle with, we must call out our strength and spirituality in proportion to the great need. Be assured the world will move on just the same and nature's great and harmonious plans will never cease because of our feeble cry for help. We have each of us got to come up out of the depths through our own efforts, and "as our day is, our strength shall be," if we live on a spiritual plane. We all appreciate friends, but let us ask for wisdom rather than sympathy.

Fraternally, MRS. LAURA CUMMINGS, East Hardwick, Vt.

Obituary.

On the 7th day of October, 1888, at her home in Erie, Michigan, passed from earth to spirit life with her infant son, Laura, wife of Cyrus Bradford, at the age of thirty-seven years, eleven months and four days. Her funeral, which occurred on the 9th, was conducted by Rev. Peter Shire, who chose for the subject of his remarks the words, "Would to God I had died for thee." Her remains were followed to the grave by a large number of relatives and many friends. She was married May 7, 1888, and has ever been a faithful, loving wife, and an affectionate and indulgent mother. She had of late years met with many experiences, which were convincing to her of the truth of spirit return. Her husband, one son and four daughters remain to mourn her loss; one daughter having preceded her to spirit life.

Dear, patient, loving wife and mother, You left us here and passed away To that spirit world above us, Where all is bright with endless day.

For many years your presence blessed us, Our joy and comfort was your care, In sickness, sorrow, pain and trouble, You did our trials with us share.

How dear our home since you have left us, No more we see your smiling face, But yet we know your gentle spirit Will often hover o'er the place.

Though many years may pass and leave us Fettered in age upon our way, Your dear memory we will always cherish While here upon the earth to stay.

As one by one life's journey ceases, And we, too, are called to pass away, To leave our friends in sorrow here, No more upon the earth to stay.

Then from beyond the silvery river You will watch our upward flight, And with the children gone before us Will show to us that world of light.

There we will be forever reunited— Will have no sorrow or pain to fear, Your loving pleasure enjoy forever, My precious wife, our mother dear.

Mrs. Seery at Springfield, Ohio.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

At a seance recently held at Springfield, Ohio, Mrs. Seery, 34 Gest street, Cincinnati, was present. The seance was held at the rooms of one of my friends, who himself was anxious to investigate Spiritualism. My friend was simply astonished. In rotation his relatives from the spirit world appeared. His mother expressed her intense pleasure at being thus able to communicate with him; called him her dear son, and told him she was not dead.

His father, in the spirit world since 1885, told him that at the next seance he would write him a long letter, as he had ever so much to tell him. I forgot to mention that one of his spirit brothers came first, but told him that he would give place to their mother, but would come again, which he did before the close of the seance.

Another brother and one sister communicated; called him by his nickname, which only the members of his family knew. His sister told him that she knew of all his family affairs, and mentioned some, which the medium certainly could not know, and therefore fraud was impossible. My own sister, long in the spirit land, answered all my questions, and at my request, sang "Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer," entirely perceptible.

Why do people scoff at Spiritualism? Why not try to investigate it? It does not shun investigation. To me it is perfectly plain that any honest person, with an unbiased mind, bent only on search for truth, will soon be convinced.

IGNATZ WESLER.

Passed to Spirit Life, at Alliance, O.

Lance, Beloved Son of J. C. and Nellie Haines, September 4th, 1888, Age One Year and Three Months.

Invocation, through the Inspiration of Mrs. S. J. Rockhill.

Our Father and Mother God: We, thy children, have been called upon to pause in our daily round of duties by the transition of one of the most precious gifts of thy love, a babe of spirit. We know that nothing of the universe, whether animate or inanimate, is lost; we know that nothing can die, we know that we cannot get beyond thy love and care; and we know that our dear babe, this tenderly loved child, has not gone into darkness and death, but into greater light and purer love, and we come to thee, the fountain of all good, at this time, to receive strength, so that we may more readily discharge the duties of life that are in our own pathway, and more faithfully perform them. And we would ask of thee, O Father and Mother, that this little immortal spirit, who has gone out of the mother's tender bosom, out of the home, to be a blessing to all, may be a blessing to all, for all friends and neighbors divine, being blessed, so that, wherever they come, they may be a blessing, and may but enlarge our heavenly strength, our good resolves to be better men and women; to do more good to those, to try to do more to the good of humanity; for we know that in our unworthy life, in a pure and noble endeavor to love others, we will attain to greater blessings for ourselves. And if we would receive from thee, O Father and Mother, that we should give those who ask, must do good as we have opportunity. We know that by the power of thy love, we cannot change the unchangeable, but we can change the changeable, in our own hearts, and yet by our aspirations we put ourselves in harmony with the divine influences which surround them. 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